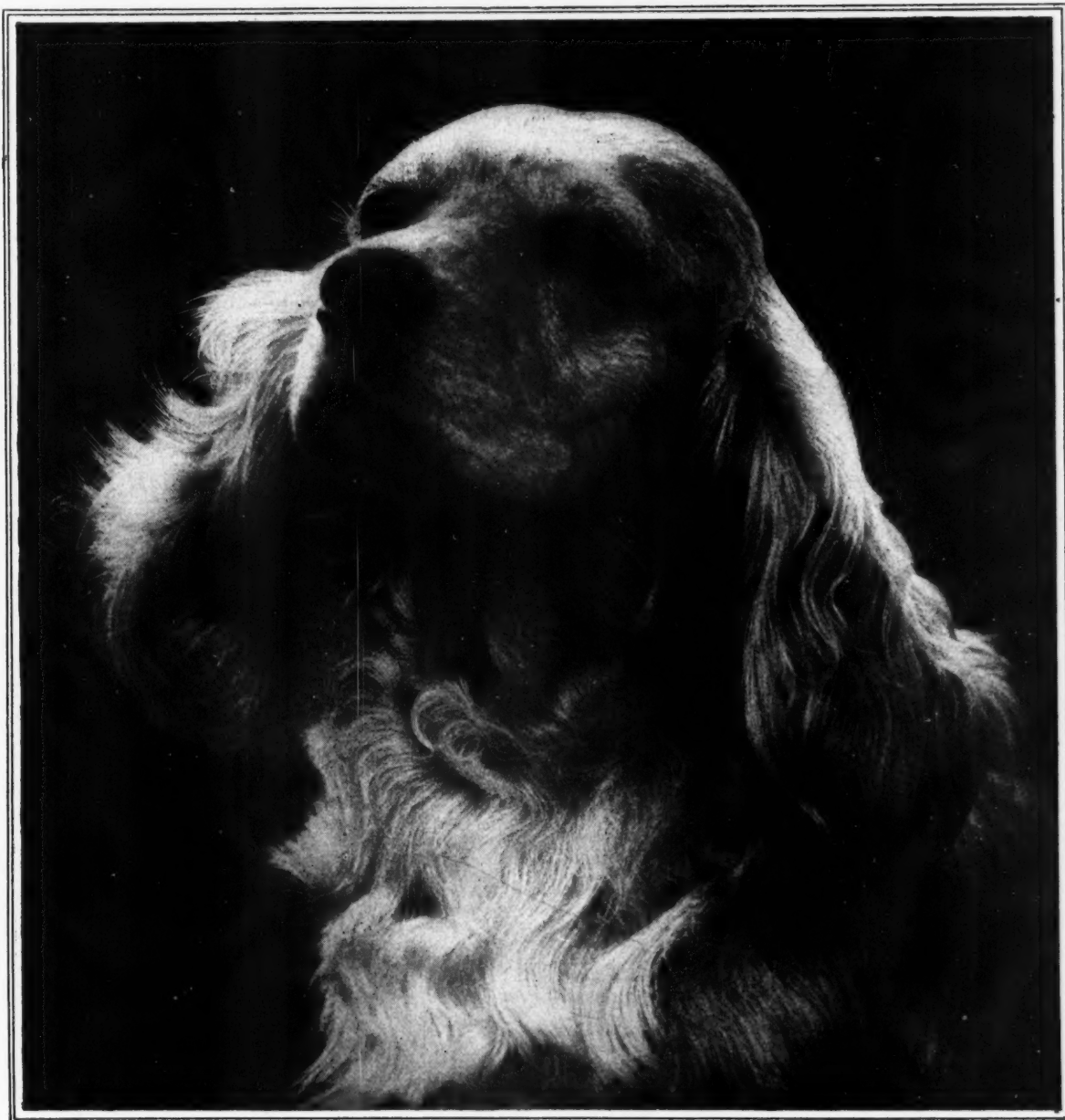


THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HUNDREDTH YEAR

1926

APRIL 22



Photograph By Edwin Levick

"Faithfully Yours"

In this Issue • • Stories By Samuel Hopkins Adams, Gladys Blake
and Edmund Littell • • Sportsmanship Contest Prize Winners

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The Youth's Companion
8 Arlington Street
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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Things We Talk About

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS, whose excellent story, "By Air Line," is on the opposite page, is another favorite Youth's Companion author who reappears after several years' absence. "Best regards to my old friends on the editorial staff," he writes. No American journalist ever did a more useful work than Mr. Adams, when he exposed the frauds and wickedness of the old patent-medicine business, and aroused public consciousness of its evils. The Pure Food and Drug Act now protects millions of people who used to dose themselves with quack "cure-alls" without knowing that many of them contained alcohol, morphia and other poisons.

Mr. Adams has many fine novels and short stories to his credit, and we welcome him heartily back into the pages of the magazine that encouraged his early stories, twenty-five years ago.

THE HUNDRETH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Letters have poured in from our old friends almost faster than grateful editors and willing secretaries can answer them. "I have known The Youth's Companion for eighty-five years," writes Dr. Charles E. Hosmer, of Bedford, Mass. "When I was four years old I had an older sister who was a subscriber. The paper in those days was much smaller than it is now, being a single-folded sheet of four pages. Now my little grandson Paul takes The Youth's Companion; and I have told him I used to have the paper when I was a little boy years ago."

Doctor Hosmer, as you notice in this photograph of him, is vigorous and erect; he stands straighter and has a more athletic figure and a deeper chest than many a boy of sixteen. Put this down in your mind as one of the secrets of a long and useful and happy life.

OUR RECENT OFFER OF A \$50 PRIZE for the best letter from any boy of eighteen or less about some act of true sportsmanship seen by him attracted a lively response. Letters came in by hundreds, and each of them showed how well its writer has grasped the spirit of sportsmanship. It is chivalry; it is the difference between the gentleman and the boor; it is the cardinal principle of all amateur sport and of all fair dealing in business and life.

The two best writers of sports stories in America, the Messrs. Arthur Stanwood Pier and Jonathan Brooks, have judged the letters in this contest, and Mr. Brooks reports for them on page 311 of this issue, and presents the winning letters. Only one prize was offered, and four are given; but this is true of many Youth's Companion contests at this time. Enter as many of them as you are eligible for. Each contest has real value to all who compete fairly.

MRS. W. W. ALLISON, of North Olmsted, Ohio, says she has been interested in the Hundredth Birthday letters coming from the great Youth's Companion family. "You have been such a real part of our family life," she says; "I have been a constant reader of The Youth's Companion ever since I learned to read. I had a sister and brother older than I. The sister loved to read, but the brother did not. The parents, to encourage him, subscribed for The Youth's Companion to come in his name. I hope that coming generations will read and love it as we older ones have done; I think it would be wonderful if every family could have one evening each week at home together and would make it known as Youth's Companion Night."

FROM THE REV. EDWIN NOAH HARDY, Executive Secretary of the American Tract Society, comes a reminder that another institution is a Hundred Years Young. "The Youth's Companion has been taken by my father's family and by me for seventy-five years," he writes. "It was one of the first papers I remember as a child, and while I have the reading of scores of exchange papers I always read The Youth's Companion, especially the editorial page, for the most valuable appraisal of vital issues and world movements that I can find. The American Tract Society is now celebrating its centennial. Permit me, in behalf of my colleagues, to offer hearty and sincere congratulations to you for a century of splendid achievement through the printed page."

We return Doctor Hardy's congratulations, wishing his society another century of usefulness.

MR. EARNEST ELMO CALKINS, who won the Harvard Gold Medal Award for the man who rendered in 1925 the most distinguished service toward the improvement of advertising, has also won a sort of special award from The Youth's Companion. We sent him, not long ago, one of the famous model steam engines which we have issued as a premium for more than a half-century.

"I was like a boy when my engine arrived," he writes. "In spite of my fifty-seven years and sedate habits, I set about getting up steam, and ran the engine furiously."

Mr. C. F. Olin, who helps to make and sell New Departure Coaster Brakes, answers vigorously our letter asking if he would like an engine. "I anxiously awaited The Youth's Companion as a boy," he writes. "I operated several Big Giant engines; my father and mother thought I was going to blow up not only the house but its occupants; and I want another engine now."

Laboratory tests made on behalf of the Y. C. Lab at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology show that this engine can't be blown up, no matter what pressure of steam is used.

Another man who enthusiastically hails the prospect of getting an engine is Mr. Harvey Manss, of the company that manufactures Woodbury's soap. He writes that he not only read The Youth's Companion, in boyhood, "from kiver to kiver" but sold subscriptions to get the Big Giant, and that he wants another one now.

MR. CHARLES H. INGERSOLL makes the liveliest answer. "I was brought up on The Youth's Companion," he says; and, when we asked him whether he is sure he understands machinery, he replied: "I have been mixed up with it considerably—made forty-five million Ingersoll dollar watches!"

ANYBODY WHO WANTS A BIG GIANT can get one; he only has to belong to a family that subscribes for The Youth's Companion and to sell one new subscription for \$2 and send it to us with thirty-five cents. If he sells two new subscriptions, he can have the engine with no extra charge and can keep fifteen cents.

Selling good magazines is a laudable vocation. A great number of the most successful business men in America today got their first start in business by selling The Youth's Companion.

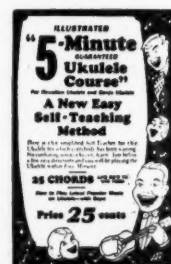


Get An Hawaiian Banjo-Uke

Don't envy other boys and girls who have musical instruments and can play them. Play your own Banjo-Uke, a combination of the plaintive Hawaiian Ukulele and the American Banjo, and you will be one of the chosen few who is always in demand for house parties, picnics, camps—everywhere a jolly crowd is gathered.

Learn To Play In Five Minutes

And just think! You can own a Banjo-Uke for a few minutes' work for The Youth's Companion. Not only own it but play it. It makes no difference if you have never had a music lesson in your life. Our free course of instruction will teach you to play simple accompaniments in five minutes whether you are musical or not. It shows you first how to tune the instrument, how to place your fingers for three fundamental chords, and then how to play the chords with several of the simpler songs. Before you realize it, you will be playing any song you hear.



Play All the Old and New Favorites

This wonderful instrument was popularized by the Prince of Wales, and now everybody is playing it. Its harmonious tones blend with the human voice, and you can get real melody from it as well as freakish and jazzy chords. A special feature is the waterproof head. You can play it outdoors without fear of damage from moisture. Get your Banjo-Uke today, and try all the old favorites and the new popular pieces.



The Same New Subscription Sent For A Banjo-Uke Also Counts in The Airplane Contest (See 4th Cover Page)

Yours For Only One New Subscription and 50 cents extra

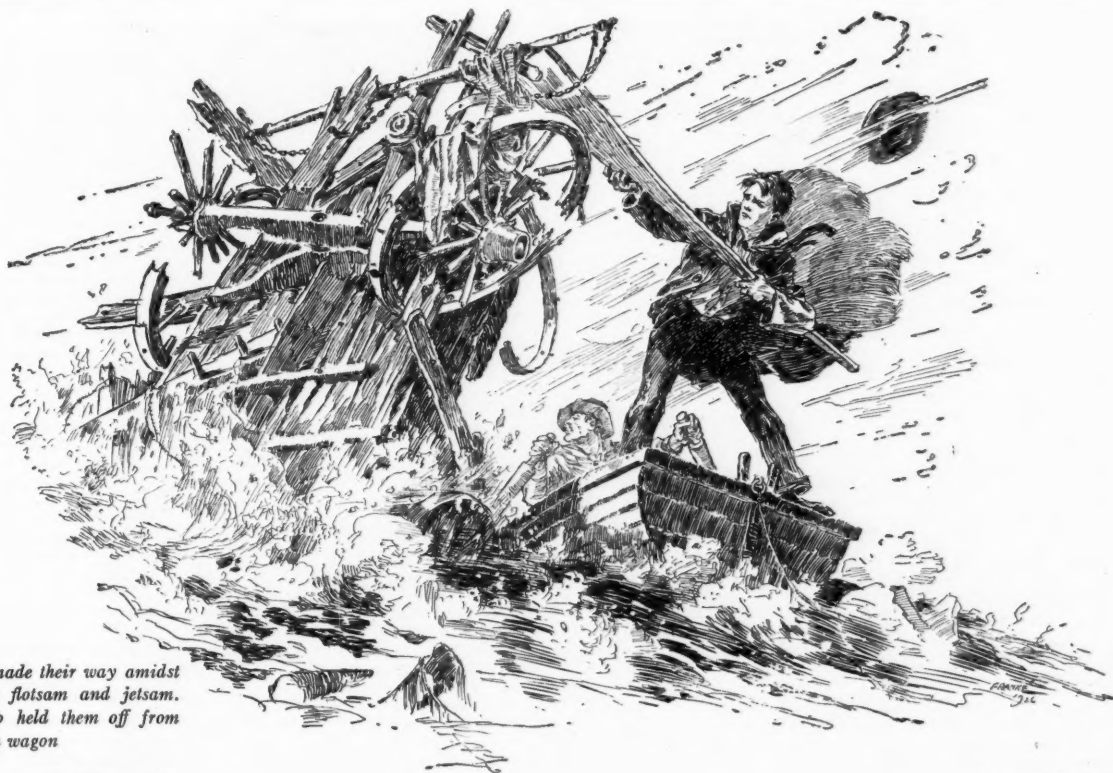
Yes, it's really true. The Hawaiian Banjo-Uke with Five Minute Instruction Course complete given to any Companion subscriber for only one new yearly subscription to The Youth's Companion and 50 cents extra; or for two new subscriptions without extra money. Start out today, so that we may send you your Banjo-Uke before another week goes by. Or, the Banjo-Uke and Instruction Book will be sold for \$1.75 postpaid.

The Youth's Companion
8 Arlington St. Boston, Mass.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 100

NUMBER 16



Selleck and Carver made their way amidst a wild whirl of the flotsam and jetsam. Carver's ready sweep held them off from a farm wagon

FROM his place on the Edgewater bank young Carver looked ruefully out across five hundred feet of racing water. Dimly through the mist he could see an island shore whereon busy figures clustered and spread and toiled like a community of disturbed ants.

Over there was what the city editor of the New Era had called "a whooping big story." He had added significantly that it was the chance of Carver's life. The cub reporter appreciated the situation as only he can who has writhed under the "kindergarten" course of petty police items, "three-line" fires and baseless "fakes" which make up the limbo of the newspaper recruit. But the chance seemed to him about as remote as if he had stayed in New York. All his endeavors to hire a boatman had been met with the comment that lives must be cheap where he came from.

Drawing from his pocket the yellow telegraphic slip that had brought the news, he read it again, as if there might be help in its curt words. "Roaring River flooding. Edgewater Bridge gone, cutting off Garrick Island. Several lives lost. Garrick Island in danger."

As he crumpled up the paper and tossed it out into the water his attention was caught by a square of flooring, whirling slowly in the silt ice close to shore. In the middle of it a bedraggled cat raised a piteous wail for help.

Carver threw himself down on the bank, caught a shrub in one hand for a brace and stretched the other out toward the distressed seafarer. True to feline nature, the cat hesitated, crouched and shrank back again before she finally leaped for the outstretched arm with so sharp an onset that the rescuer was thrown off his balance. A blackness of terror came over him as he felt himself slipping, when he was violently seized and pulled back by the legs and the next instant found himself thanking a big, raw-boned man who regarded him with a twinkling eye. The cat, having less politeness, fled across country without a word.

"WAL," observed Carver's rescuer, "that's an ongrateful critter you saved. You come near takin' a swim."

"It looks as if I'd have to yet, to get where I want to go," said the young reporter.

"Want to reach the island?"

"Can it be done?"

Carver's heart thumped as he awaited the answer, half hoping to hear an emphatic negative. The man looked at him curiously.

"Well, with two nerry fellers like you and me"—the twinkling eyes looked straight into Carver's—"a boat might be got across, if we could dodge the logs, and if the ice didn't crunch us up." He paused a moment. "And if it was made an object," he added. "I've had a kind of notion that I might be some use over there, but my boat's worth ten dollars, not to mention my valuable life."

Five minutes later excited Edgewater citizens were rushing up the river bank and howling to Mr. Silas Selleck the interesting, if somewhat belated, information that he was plumb crazy and that he and his passenger were as good as drowned already. The two were too busy to listen, being some twenty yards off shore, making their way amidst a wild whirl of the flotsam and jetsam. Selleck had the oars, and Carver, standing in the stern, used a heavy sweep alternately as a rudder and a fender. Now they paused to dodge a lunging length of timber; now Carver's ready sweep held them off from a farm wagon; again they skirted the edge of an islet of ice upon which a translated barnyard populace clucked and quacked and squealed its dismayed appeal.

So intent was Carver upon his work that before he realized it they had reached the goal and the sharp bump of the boat against a little rocky cape had sent him to his knees. Selleck was out in a moment and was shouting to him:

"Jump, man! Jump!"

Half bewildered, he got to his feet, and at that moment a huge log crashed into the boat. Carver half leaped, was half thrown into the current; he landed waist-deep, slipped, recovered himself, slipped again, flung himself forward with outstretched hands and was dragged to shore by his companion. The boat was whirled away.

"Good-by," remarked Selleck, gazing after it. "There goes ten dollars for some lucky feller. We're here, anyway."

By Air Line

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Illustrated by JOSEPH FRANKE

"Much good it's likely to do me," said Carver, shivering.

"Why, what are you kicking about?" asked Selleck in surprise. "This is the place you're looking for, ain't it?"

"Yes," replied the reporter, "but I didn't come here to admire the scenery. I came here to get a story for my paper; and if you'll tell me how I'm going to send the story in after I get it, I'll be much obliged. Strikes me my lines of communication are cut."

"Does look that way," admitted Selleck. "Say, do you notice the river's rising pretty fast?"

"Then I'd better be getting to work to collect my facts."

"Ya-as," drawled the other. "If you don't get 'em before dark, you'll likely be too busy swimming to do anything else after that. I'll loaf around and see if I can get some useful information for you," he added as Carver hurried away toward the main street.

It was a serious situation, but the reporter forgot danger and difficulties alike in the excitement of the news that he found on all sides of him. It was the kind of article that makes a young reporter's reputation when he does it right—which is about once in a thousand times. Carver was determined that his attempt should be the once.

As he sat, three hours later in a little shop, finishing a job that he felt would earn the approval even of the cynical night editor, two of the village selectmen entered. After them came a heavy-set man with a red and swollen face.

"The timber's given out," said one of the selectmen. "There isn't enough for another raft."

"Anyway, there's enough for the women and children," said his colleague. "With four men to handle each raft there's a good

chance of their getting across. As for the rest of us—"

"We can be thankful we carry insurance," put in the first speaker with a grim smile.

"I don't carry no insurance, and I tell you right now I'm goin' to be on one of them rafts."

"Better not try it, Simon," was the quiet reply.

"I'd like to know what's goin' to stop me," he blustered.

"Jim Crane's double-barrelled shotgun. He's put there a-purpose to look after fellers like you. You can see him now if you look."

The reporter looked up, startled. Already! "Is it likely to be as soon as that?" he asked.

"Can't tell," said the second selectman. "The ice is likely to jam in the bend at Remsen at any minute. The wonder is that it hasn't jammed already. When that happens the water will back up and—well, it'll slacken the current and give the rafts a better show, but it won't be good for the island."

He looked out of the door, wet a forefinger and held it above his head, then turned to his fellow official. "Wonder if it would be worth while rigging sails on the rafts. The breeze is setting toward the Edgewater shore."

At the words there popped into Carver's mind a reminiscence of boyhood playdays that gave him a clue to the problem.

"How far is Remsen?" he asked.

"Better than three miles down stream."

"Do you know anybody there that you can depend on?"

"Plenty. But what's the use? They might as well be in the moon."

"Write out telegrams telling them to dynamite the ice and break the jam when it forms," said the reporter excitedly.

"Do you think we haven't thought of that?" said one of the men. "If there was a wire on the island, we'd have telegraphed for help hours ago."

"I'm going to reach the wire at Edgewater," declared Carver. "Meet me here in half an hour, and I'll get your messages off."

TO find Selleck was the next thing. When Carver came upon him he was helping with the rafts. He drew the big boatman aside and outlined his plan. Together they set out at a run up the street, their journey terminating in a deserted carpenter shop, where they toiled mightily with knife, string, glue and paper for the space of twenty minutes, at the

end of which time they came forth bearing a kite. Both were shirtless, but the kite had a beautiful tail of alternating strips of blue flannel and white madras.

Selleck carried the kite to the river side while Carver returned to meet the selectmen. To the messages which they gave him he added one of his own and made the whole into a compact packet. They asked excited and hopeful questions, but there was no time for explanations. He ran to join Selleck with his packet while the selectmen hurried back to the rafts. The two men fastened the packet to the kite and then raised it, Selleck acting as navigator while Carver paid out a spool of stout thread which seemed to be a sort of auxiliary line, and the purpose of which puzzled the onlookers not a little.

"Here," said Carver to an idle bystander, "you can help by acting as lookout on that point, where you can keep track of the rise of the river and keep us posted after we go back to the rafts. And if you see a red lantern over there, let me know."

"What's the lantern for?" asked Selleck as the man hurried away.

"The lantern? Why, besides the telegrams to the Remsen folks I put in my report to my paper and a to-whom-it-may-concern telling them to get the whole thing on the wire—the Remsen part first—and to flash a red lantern when my despatch was started."

By this time the kite seemed to be well over the farther bank. In the gathering gloom they could just make out the people clustering together and gazing up at it.

"Is it time to try it, do you think?" asked the reporter anxiously.

"Every minute counts," said Selleck.

"Here goes, then," said Carver, and, gathering in the slack of his thread, he gave it a sharp twitch.

FROM the point where the lookout had taken his station came a yell of surprise, for a strange thing had happened to the kite. The thread had split the paper from the corners to the centre and the little ship of the air went whirling down, a mass of wreckage, to the ground, where it was at once surrounded by the crowd.

"Landed just right," said Carver exultantly. "We've done all we can. The rest lies with them. Come along to the rafts. We may be of some help."

At the spot where the rafts had been built they found the crowd of women and children in a state bordering on panic, despite the efforts of the two selectmen and other cool-headed men to encourage them. Slowly but with deadly certainty the river was gaining. One of the selectmen took Carver aside.

"Did you get the message to the wire?" he asked. "There isn't much time."

He pointed to the rafts, which, built well up from the flood in the beginning, were now straining at their hawsers as the water swayed them. When the last one should float clear it would be time to take the forlorn chance that they afforded. Carver hastily explained what he had done. Just as he concluded a voice was heard hailing from downstream.

"There's our lookout," said Selleck. Then, raising his voice: "What's up?"

"The current is slackening here and the water rising faster," came the reply.

"That means that the jam has formed at Remsen," said the selectman in Carver's ear. "May the Lord give us courage for what's coming! Hear that!"

From out of the gathering darkness came a hideous groaning and gritting and shrieking, like the voice of living things in torment and terror. It was the crushing of the ice and timber in the fierce eddies formed as the current was thrown back on itself.

"All ready for the rafts," shouted the selectman. "Get those women aboard that one furthest downstream quickly."



The thread had split the paper from the corners to the center, and the little ship of the air went whirling down

"You're not going to cut them loose yet?" said Carver anxiously.

"We've got to be ready," was the reply. "At this rate we haven't quarter of an hour left. Unless our messages have reached Remsen by this time there won't be any Garrick Island tomorrow."

It seemed now that fifteen minutes would be the extreme limit. The stream was encroaching with formidable steadiness. Huge masses of ice and debris ground the shores of

the diminishing island. Two of the rafts had already been involved in the floating wreckage. The terror-stricken women and children were being hurried aboard the others. The selectman in charge held his watch up in the light of a lantern.

"I'll give you five minutes," he called. "You must all be in your places. Keep edging over to the other shore, you steersmen, when you—"

HE stopped short as the man who held the lantern let it drop. Down the river a great flash of light had sprung up to the zenith. Long seconds afterward a deep, thunderous cough smote the straining ears of the listeners.

"The dynamite!" The word passed from mouth to mouth: then the question of life and death, "Did it break the jam?"

The answer came in a wild yell from the man on the point.

"She's gone! The water's going out."

The hiss and grinding of the troubled eddies gave way to the deep, thrilling roar of the freed current as it dashed on its tumultuous course. The water sucked harshly from under the rafts. A great shout arose from the island people; the jubilation of those from whom the weight of the fear of death has been suddenly lifted. The selectmen were wringing Carver's hands and jubilantly telling the crowd that they all owed their lives to him.

But the reporter's whole mind was now absorbed in his paper. His professional fate was still in the balance. His eyes were fixed on the Edgewater shore when—

"Hey! Hello! You kite-flyer, ahoy!"

It was the lookout's voice again.

"Yes?"

"There's your signal 'way down stream."

Carver leaned out and gazed. A sudden choking sensation clogged his throat, for there on the far bank a red spark bobbed and swung briskly.

The New Era was sure of its "beat."

Next week: *The Wonder Story of Marconi*, by Earl Reeves. First article in a thrilling series on "The Boys Who Made Radio."

Forty Winks for Shorty

By EDMUND M. LITTELL

Illustrated by DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

CLOSE to the outer edge of the elevated charging floor, and as far away from the heat of the open-hearth furnace as he could get, Shorty Gulick lay outstretched on a high-backed wooden bench where the warm June breeze could fan him—fast asleep. His clothes were wet with sweat, dust had settled upon his dripping face in grimy streaks during his recent labors, one calloused hand dropped loosely toward the steel-plate floor; but he slept as heavily as though he were bathed and in his own bed at home. He had been shovelling chunks of ferro-manganese into the open door of the white-hot furnace a short time before—first-sized pieces of stuff that looked like cast iron and was fully as heavy—throwing them far into the lake of molten steel eighty-five feet long and twenty-five feet wide; and that was work that tired the strongest of steel men—but seldom put them to sleep. And Shorty was snoring. But not for long.

Suddenly he was awake, found himself being shaken roughly, and looked up with bleared eyes into the round, fat face of Beef Jordan.

"Come on, this ain't no hotel," Beef was growling. "Get your sleep at home! Beat it over there and reline that tappin' spout!"

Shorty took no time to stretch; he merely grinned sleepily, got to his feet and threw some water on his face from the near-by tank and picked up a bucket without saying a word.

"What's the matter with you?" Beef continued. "You're gettin' as lazy as that rat Caponi—an' you'll be gettin' his medicine, too, if you don't look alive!"

"Aw, listen, Beef—" began Shorty, but to no avail.

"No, I won't listen," sputtered Beef. "I thought I had a real steel man when you took Caponi's job—an' now you're sleepin' all the time! Guess I better put you back in the cinder pit—you acted like a he-man down there! Go fix that spout!"

Shorty filled his bucket with water and crossed the broad floor toward the furnace, while Beef growled on.

"Tryin' to beg off by sayin' you got a secret. Keep your secret—an' do your sleepin' at night instead of on the job! Steel man, my hat! You can't be a steel melter and sleep all day!"

The rest of the tirade was lost as Shorty passed through the narrow aisle between two furnaces and went out on the platform that looked like a second-story veranda above the extensive casting floor, stretching away below. Why, he was saying to himself as he went, if they knew the reason for his sleeplessness, they would help him get some rest!

SHORTY had been intent upon being a steel-maker—was determined to learn as much about it as Pete Haskins. Superintendent of the open hearth was Pete Haskins, master of the ten great furnaces that stretched away a third of a mile down the floor like a row of two-story houses; master of all the men that worked under the high roof, leader and friend of them as well. Guardian of Shorty Gulick was Pete Haskins, the adored protector of the stocky boy whose one desire was to be a steel-melter like Pete, even if he never could grow to be as tall as he. That was why he had labored so mightily in the cinder pit, then run upstairs and to the other side of the furnace, where he could pester Beef Jordan, first helper, with questions.

Beef Jordan, round and fat in spite of the fact that he was always sweating in the heat of his furnace, knew all there was to know about steel. He was always ready with an illuminating answer to Shorty's questions, which was the reason Shorty bothered him instead of that Caponi, second helper and Shorty's immediate superior. Caponi was not much good. Surly, lazy, shifty-eyed, he had been a good man to leave alone. Shorty did a great deal of the work Caponi should

have done, did it simply because he wanted to learn; but Caponi had never expressed his gratitude. It was Caponi's mean-eyed surliness that had been responsible for Shorty's first promotion. He had refused to line the tapping spout one day—not in so many words, but by his lazy refusal to move.

"That's an order!" Beef had snapped. "Get busy, or get out!" Whereupon Caponi had flared up.

"Do it yourself!" he had snarled. "I'm sick o' takin' your orders!"

Without another word, Beef had doubled his fists and started to make good his threat to eject the rat-faced man, while Caponi's hand had slipped into his pocket and come out carrying a knife with its long blade suddenly bared.

"You would, would you?" cried Beef and stepped inside the swing of the naked blade to clip the man one blow on his narrow pointed chin. Caponi had dropped like a log. "Dirty rat!" growled Beef; then he picked him up and carried him over to the tank, where he doused his face until he came to.

"Take your toy and beat it!" Beef growled, handing him the knife. "You're fired! Get your time at the gate!"

Caponi had wiped his face with his shirt sleeve, stuck his knife in his pocket and hurried away. There was a hot light in his small eyes, his teeth were bared in a nasty grin.

"I'll get you for that!" he snarled. "I'll get all of you!" And that had been the last of Caponi—and the first promotion for Shorty.

"You're second helper from now on, Shorty," Beef had said, paying no attention to Caponi's threat. "See to it that you keep up your good work."

He turned away, leaving Shorty delighted

beyond words at his good fortune, to report his action to Pete's office, which nestled in a corner of the charging floor at the end of the building.

From then on Shorty had worked harder than ever. He was the youngest second helper on the charging floor, and the smallest, but by no means the weakest, and he handled the job like a giant. And when, late the next afternoon, he had stood on the second-story platform with his arm before his face to protect it from the terrific heat of a cataract of molten steel that poured down the spout into the waiting ladle, and watched the finish of the first heat of steel that he had actually helped to make from the initial charge to the tap, he had been almost bursting with pride.

THROUGH his ever-present blue glasses he saw the white liquid plunge down, saw the flames soar upward lazily. He watched the boil-over, indifferent to the slag that rapidly filled the cinder pit below, because he would no more have to clean it up. Instead, he would soon be at the grinding job of making bottom—the hardest task a steel-melter has to do. Tapping finished, the ladle began to rise for its trip to the opposite side of the floor, when suddenly there was a peculiar sound—"Pfoopi!" It was a muffled noise, strange to Shorty's ear, but he soon learned its significance, for it was followed by a shower of molten metal that flew into the air and showered about him like sleet—white-hot sleet, not cold.

Searing, stinging, the drops ate through his shirt and clung to the soft skin of his shoulders like terrible burrs. He swiped with his hands, he beat himself frantically, and at last he shook them off—but not until they had raised blisters. Beef Jordan had been standing near by, but had missed the shower, and to him Shorty addressed his first anxious question.

"Is the steel spoiled?" he said, with his first thought for the result of his labors rather than for himself—a sure sign that he was a steel man.

"Naw, steel's all right; that's just a puff," Beef had answered, pleased at the question. "Come on back and get some salve on those blisters." They went round to the other side of the furnace, where, on the side of the charging floor farthest from its heat, they had a first-aid kit, and Beef applied some ointment. "The brick linin' of the ladle didn't get dried out, see?" he explained as he smeared the stuff on. "When the hot steel gets at it, it turns the water into steam an' it comes up in a bubble and explodes. Then you get rained on. Don't happen very often," Beef continued. "An' Pete'll sure raise Cain with the brick men!"

"It's their fault?"

"Yeah, they line the ladles with brick an' wet fire clay. Then they drop a gas line inside and keep the flame burnin' till the linin's dry. Guess they pulled the fire too soon this time."

The night following that first full day as a second helper, Shorty walked home with Pete with a new feeling of accomplishment. He even bore the marks of a worker with molten steel—felt a sense of satisfaction even as he lifted his shirt away from the tender spots.

"What's the matter," asked Pete, "get burnt in that puff?"

Shorty nodded. Pete seemed a little thoughtful; Shorty would not try to talk about it. But Pete went on. "Had two puffs today. Can't make it out."

"Ladle gang O K?"

"Best crew we ever had. Can't dope it out. One puff don't mean much,—they will happen once in a while,—but two puffs the same day—there's a wheel loose somewhere." He smiled grimly to himself. "I don't think there'll be any more."

Shorty could imagine what had happened when Pete turned out to bawl out that ladle gang. There would be no more puffs! But there were. Three days later there was one, followed by two more the day after, in spite of a guard placed about the ladles by Pete.

Curiosity compelled Shorty to go home by way of that end of the building that night. He wanted to see what went on. Three ladles sat on the ground in front of Number Ten furnace, where they were taken to have their skulls dumped out and the brick lining repaired. Beside each one stood a heavy step-ladder on which the men climbed to reach the top of the fifteen-foot buckets. A litter of fire brick, a pile of fire clay, a few men, and that was all. Two lines of hose for gas stretched across the ground like snakes, one of them climbing up into one of the ladles. It did not seem possible that anything wrong could occur in such simple, open surroundings. But, after he had left the building and was going home the back way, he saw—Caponi! Immediately he remembered the threat the snarling man had made. "I'll get you for that!" he had snarled. "I'll get all of you!"

Full of his suspicions, Shorty had attempted to tell Pete, but had been rather curtly told to tend to his own job, and not monkey with anything else.

Promptly after supper that night he slipped out of the house and hurried back to the mill. From the higher level of the tapping platform of Number Ten furnace, he crawled out along a great steel beam at the end of the building, then up the lattice-work of the center beam to a perch high up near the roof, where he could see everything that went on. Sixty feet below, in the gloom of the floor, he could see the three ladles. Three enormous buckets without handles, they seemed to be, one of them merely a black hole, one occupied by men who worked in the light of flickering torches, and the third one a rosy round glow of light from the gas flame that burned unwatched inside it. In the outer darkness he could make out the glow of a cigarette or the flare of a match as some one lighted his pipe. Those were the watchmen, evidently. How on earth could anything happen under such conditions? But, were those men always watchful? Perhaps later there would be some opportunity for a ratlike sneak to do mischievous work. Perhaps it was not Caponi. There was only one thing to do, and that was wait.

It was a long, tiresome vigil. His determination to help Pete, whether his help was needed or not, kept him awake, until, after what seemed to be weeks of inactivity, the midnight whistle blew. Then Shorty grew tense. For the men, guards and all, dropped their work and gathered at the outside corner of the building, where a small fire was heating coffee, and proceeded to enjoy a social hour of relaxation. Then was the

ladle swung free of the pit and was hanging over the center of the floor, he saw a spurting bubble of slag fly into the air! He was right! There had been a man there; he had done something! Back to his duties he went, resolved that he would never get a full night's sleep until he caught that criminal. But the frown he discovered on Beef's face made him forget about it.

"Where you been?" asked Beef angrily.



Suddenly there was a peculiar sound—"Pfoof!"—followed by a shower of molten metal that flew into the air, searing, stinging

time for any dirty work! No one was on guard!

Shorty peered down until his eyes felt as though they were long telescopes, sticking out from his forehead. Not a thing could he see. He grew discouraged and began to think that he had better leave the discovery to Pete, when suddenly he saw a moving bit of black. Out from the corner near the base of Number Ten furnace, on the side of the floor away from the lunch-eating men, sneaked a figure. Keeping one of the ladles between him and the group, it crept to the ladle that had no light in it, climbed the high ladder, and did something.

"Hey!" shouted the vigilant Shorty. "Get him!"

At once there was a bedlam of noises. The resting men leaped to their feet, ran about the ladle, carrying torches, shouted—but they were too late. Feeling that he had better not make himself and his presence known, Shorty had remained quiet during the hubbub.

Should Shorty warn Pete of what he had seen? No! He would do the whole thing by himself.

Bright and early the next morning he was on the job as though he had not lost more than half of his normal rest.

As soon as he saw signs of tapping on the charging floor side of Number Six furnace, he slipped around quickly to the opposite side, and from his balcony position watched the steel go down into the ladle. Just as

"I've been yellin' for you for half an hour." "I didn't hear you," said Shorty. "I was back of the furnace."

"What's the matter with you today?" asked Beef fretfully. "You're getting as bad as Caponi! Get busy and charge two hundred pounds of ferro!"

Shorty picked up his shovel without another word.

For the next four days he worked all day and stayed awake half the night or more. It made work very hard, but he managed to keep Beef mollified and to slip away each night for his long watches without arousing Pete's suspicions—until, dragging himself on tired legs one evening, he was walking beside Pete without saying a word. He was too tired and stiff and sore to do much more than walk.

"Look here, boy," Pete broke the silence. "Beef says you've been laying down on him. What's wrong?"

"Nothing. He's caught me taking a nap once in a while, but I get the work done."

"Yes, I want to talk to you about that, too. You've been going out at night, an' I don't like it. You can't be a steel man and run around nights—got to have plenty of sleep."

SHORTY's heart sank. Maybe Pete would make him stay home.

"Yes, I have been out later than usual, but—it's nothing wrong, Pete. You believe that, don't you?"

"Sure!" said Pete kindly, and his big hand rested for a moment on Shorty's shoulder. "I just don't want you to get in wrong with Beef, boy. I trust you—but I'm just warning you."

"Had any more puffs lately?" asked Shorty.

"Yeah," Pete frowned. "Had one today. Didn't burn anybody, though. If I could find that guy that's doin' it—Sa-a-ay!" with a sudden thought. "You ain't mixin' up in it, are you, after I told you to lay off?"

"You told me it was not my job, didn't you?" Shorty answered evasively.

Pete was silent for a moment. "I'm goin' out myself tonight," he said. "I'm goin' back to the mill and catch that guy!"

That rather complicated matters for Shorty, but he managed to slip into his hiding-place without being observed by Pete and settled down to await the midnight hour. Pete's presence might mean that the rat would not work, but he watched none the less. In a little corner between the end of the building and Number Ten furnace he had found a good place. It was black as pitch in there, and quite warm as well, for the heat from the furnace filtered down around him. He would never be seen, though; all he had to do was to keep awake. It was a hard job. He was awfully tired.

What was that? A shadow, creeping past. Two heavy black things in his hands.

Shorty got to his feet stiffly, stretched the kinks out of his body and followed. Just as the man was stepping up on to the first flat step of the ladder, he rushed. It was Caponi! The first impact knocked him off the ladder, and he dropped the bulky objects. They were buckets of water. Before Shorty could fall upon him, the rat was on his feet, crouching, and in the darkness Shorty caught a flash of that naked knife blade. With a leap Shorty was on him, grabbing for the hand that held the knife and securing a loose hold. His left arm closed around the ratlike head of the man and tightened with all its strength while the right held off the thrusts of the blade.

The clatter of the falling buckets, the snarls of Caponi, had crashed into the midnight silence like a fire gong, and a dozen men came running, their torches supplying a light for the fiercely struggling forms. The cries of the men added to the clamor as they gathered about.

SHORTY was finding that even his strength was taxed when it met the desperate resistance of a cornered rat. Twice he felt the sting of the blade as it swept resistlessly toward him. Twice he felt the quick flow of a warm something that was not

sweat. But his grip hung on, gradually mastered and forced the hand backward. Caponi released his grip and suddenly ceased to struggle. Shorty promptly sat down on the ground.

"He was makin' those puffs!" gasped Shorty and leaned back against the pair of huge arms that were quickly supporting him.

"Kill the rat!" some one shouted, but Pete's big voice stopped them.

"Get some bandages from the first-aid kit!" he commanded sharply. "Phone the hospital!"

And while they ripped off Shorty's shirt and stopped the flow of blood from two knife cuts, one on his shoulder and one on his upper arm, Shorty's tired muscles relaxed. It was great to be taken care of this way! Then—he went sound asleep!

When he woke up it was broad daylight. He was in a white room somewhere—the emergency hospital. There was no one in the room, but outside he could hear two voices—Pete's buzzing tone and Beef's, raised to a squeak.

Shorty smiled up at the ceiling, then raised his head, then sat up. He felt like a million dollars, rested, relaxed, perfect. All but the slight sting of the cuts. He chuckled aloud, then raised his voice and shouted:

"Hey, you men! Cut out that noise! You'll wake me up!"

And then he heard the heavy tread of feet rushing to open his door.

The Scratches on the Glass

By GLADYS BLAKE

Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN



"Where do you think you've seen a purple rock, Dink?" persisted Frank, trying to keep his voice calm

Chapter IV. The Prophecy

THE next morning at breakfast Gilbert was as unlike the boy who had clenched his fists in the darkness and seethed with anger at the memory of the wrongs of an ancient race as that boy had been unlike the quiet, shy Gilbert with whom the Morgans were acquainted. But he was not quite his old self nevertheless.

"Nancy," said Blanche casually, as the girls sat on the porch after breakfast, sewing curtains, "what do you think of Gilbert Kent?"

"I like him," replied Nancy. "Do you?"

"Very much. But do you know, I've been thinking he was Frank's roommate at school, and he wasn't! They hardly knew each other until they came down here. They were classmates but not intimate. Frank told me so yesterday."

"Then why did Frank invite him here for the summer?"

"I asked him that, but he only laughed. Said Gilbert was the finest athlete in the school and a brilliant student, and that he was lucky to secure such a companion. But I think the truth is that Gilbert asked for the invitation. You know that's what he told mother himself, though I thought at the time that he was joking. Now why do you suppose Gilbert wanted so much to come here?"

"He probably saw your picture on Frank's bureau," said Nancy solemnly.

"True! I hadn't thought of that!"

The girls were momentarily interrupted in their conversation by Mrs. Morgan, who came out on the porch to ask them a question. When she had gone in again they had forgotten what they were talking about.

"SEWING on curtains naturally makes me think of windows," remarked Nancy, "and windows naturally make me think of those mysterious scratches on the pane in the parlor. Blanche, don't you wish we could solve what they mean and maybe find an old Cherokee treasure?"

"Yes, for then maybe father wouldn't sell this house," replied Blanche. "I've fallen in love with this dear, ugly old place, and it just breaks my heart to think that it is going to be sold in the autumn."

"Do you think finding a treasure would keep father from selling it?"

"It might. Father is not poor, but you know he just can't afford to pay taxes on a house that stands empty all the time. This isn't the sort of place that can be rented. And pretty soon the house will have to be repaired or go to ruin. So of course father feels that he ought to take advantage of this opportunity to sell to the factory people."

"All Monkshood is mad about that factory," said Nancy. "The town doesn't want it here—that is, the best element doesn't. Did you hear those people talking in the store when we went to buy this material for our curtains?"

"Yes, but they stopped talking when we came in and were very cordial to us," Blanche reminded her sister. "Everybody

in town seems awfully fond of father, even if they do blame him for selling the house for a tobacco factory. O Nancy, isn't it delightful to come to a place like this where we fit right in? All our ancestors are remembered here. This is our nook of the world—this is where we belong!"

Nancy nodded and in a sudden burst of enthusiasm flung her work from her and cried, "Come on, sis, and let's go puzzle over that inscription on the window. If we can solve it and find some gold, we may save this house just as you say. It would be wonderful to have this old place to think about when we are far away in Europe. We could pretend we had a real home. When we are twenty-one we could come here to vote."

An hour later Frank and Gilbert, coming into the house from some work they had been doing in the yard, were almost knocked down by two excited girls who catapulted out of the parlor just as they were going down the hall past the door.

"We've solved the riddle!" cried Nancy excitedly. "We've read the inscription on the glass!"

"Come in here and let us show you," added Blanche, a little more controlled than her sister but with triumph pictured clearly in her flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

The boys followed them back into the parlor, and Frank was almost as excited as

They seem to just elude the eye by a hairsbreadth."

"Just the same they are dummies," insisted Blanche.

"But they are arranged in words and—"

SHE interrupted him and pulled him away from the window, where he had been standing. "Look!" she said, showing him a paper. "Nancy and I copied the inscription here and put dots for the marks we couldn't understand. We thought that in that way we might complete the words by guesswork. But when we examined the paper closely we saw that the widely separated letters of the inscription spelled words when joined together. See?"

The paper the girls displayed contained an arrangement something like this:

```

. . . P . . . UR . . . P . L . E . .
. . . . . RO . . . . .
. . . E . . . A . . . . . S . . . K .
. . . T . . . . . THRE
. . . EE . . . . . L
. . . . . LS . . . . M .
IN . . . E . . . O . . . N . . .
. . . E . . .

```

And with the point of her pencil Blanche counted off these oddly arranged letters until, all told, the following words were formed:

PURPLE ROCK EAST THREE
ELLS MINE ONE.

When the words were divided, PURPLE ROCK—EAST THREE ELLS—MINE ONE, they did indeed seem to contain a meaning and a message.

"Well, I'll be switched!" Frank ejaculated. "Look at this, Gilbert! I verily believe the



Gilbert jumped at the unexpected voice coming through the open window

his sisters. But there was a queer look in Gilbert's eyes, if anyone had noticed him. He seemed both startled and aghast at the girls' announcement. Was he hoping that they had not been so successful as they thought?

"To begin with," said Blanche, acting as spokesman, "all these unintelligible marks on the glass are just dummies. They have to be eliminated. They don't mean anything."

"Oh, I say!" protested Frank. "I don't believe that! These marks mean something. Why, I can almost make letters out of them!

girls have worked it out right. Those unintelligible marks that they eliminated must have been put there just to confuse a reader, and the letters which stand out clearly are the only ones that count. Weren't they clever to think that out?"

"We didn't think it out," explained Blanche candidly. "We discovered the solution in the same accidental manner that Columbus discovered America."

When the first excitement had begun to wear away and the young people were able to consider calmly the astounding fact that they had found a meaning in the peculiar

inscription on the windowpane, the next thing was to decide how they should act on it.

"Shall we tell mother and dad?" asked Frank.

"No, let's wait until we see what we find buried three ells east of a purple rock," answered Blanche. "I want to show them the treasure itself—for this must refer to some sort of a treasure, don't you think?"

Frank nodded emphatically. "Bet we find a barrel of gold!" he said.

They went out of doors to talk about it. If they had lingered any longer in the parlor, Mrs. Morgan or the Major would have seen them and wanted to know why they were so excited; and they all agreed with Blanche that it would be much more interesting to keep it all a secret for a while.

"Now where is there a purple rock?" asked Nancy. "I can't seem to remember ever having seen a purple rock in my life."

"They probably exist in great numbers in the land where the purple cow grazes," remarked Blanche facetiously.

"I know 'I'd rather see than be one,'" added Frank, quoting the purple-cow jingle. "But there must be one round here somewhere!"

Gilbert Kent was listening intently to everything his companions said. There was no longer anything queer about his expression, for he had carefully veiled his feelings, but no word the others spoke was lost to him.

"The thing to do," said Blanche after a moment's thought, "is to make guarded inquiries in the neighborhood about strange rocks. We can pretend to an interest in geology and begin by asking father if he ever saw a purple rock. Then we can ask the neighbors and the servants. People who have lived a long time in this vicinity may know of some big old purple rock that has been a landmark hereabouts for generations."

"We'll begin this minute," said Nancy. "I see father coming out of the house."

Questioned about a purple rock, the Major began to speak enthusiastically of the beautifully colored rocks in the Colorado Canyon. He said they were of all the colors of the rainbow, and that he hoped to take Frank and the girls there some day. Gilbert, being a Westerner, as he understood, had probably seen the canyon?

"Yes, I have seen it," admitted Gilbert.

"But we are not talking about Colorado, dad, or the moon," explained Nancy with affectionate impudence. "We want to know if you've ever seen a purple rock in Georgia? Anywhere round here, for instance?"

The Major couldn't remember ever having seen one.

NEXT they asked the servants. Gordy was amiably amused by the question, but after obligingly thinking it over confessed that she didn't believe she had ever seen a purple rock in all her life. Tom, her husband, was more cautious in his statement. He might, he said, have seen a purple rock, but if so he couldn't recollect where or when. But he promised to keep his eyes open in the future and to tell the girls and boys immediately if he came across a rock of purplish hue.

"I's seen a purple rock," announced Dink, who was sitting in the kitchen when Frank was questioning his mother and father.

"Have you? Where?" asked Frank excitedly.

"Ain't gwiner tell!" Dink retorted, doubling up with mirth. "Ain't gwiner tell nobody whar dat ole purple rock is. Dat's my hidin' place."

"He's just projectin' wid you, Mister Frank," put in Cordy. "He don't know wher no purple rock is."

"Where do you think you've seen a purple rock, Dink?" persisted Frank, trying to keep his voice calm. Beside him Gilbert and the girls were listening breathlessly. "I'll give you a quarter to show it to us."

"Naw, suh, ain't gwiner show nobody dat ole purple rock," Dink declared hilariously. "Dat's my hidin' place! Yah, yah, yah!"

"He don't know nothin', mister; he's just lyin' to you," Cordy assured Frank again. Nevertheless the boys and girls thought that Dink might possibly be telling the truth, and at intervals during the day they tried to bribe him to show them the rock.

"Shall we take Dink off in the woods somewhere and give him the third degree?" Frank asked Gilbert in jesting manner when it became evident that they could not make

the little darkey give up his secret by any mild method. It was very aggravating to feel that if Dink would only speak they might begin digging for treasure at any moment!

And as a matter of fact, Dink knew nothing of a purple rock. If he had known of such a thing, he could have been bribed in two minutes to lead them there.

The problem of finding a purple rock now

engrossed the young Morgans to the exclusion of everything else. That night they sat in one corner of the front porch and talked the matter over in mysterious whispers that called forth more than one laughing question from the grown people. But Gilbert was not with them. He sat in the parlor by the rosewood desk writing a letter in the light of a big oil lamp; his pen never stopped. He never looked up from the page.

"Who on this earth are you writing to, Gilbert?" called Blanche at last in extreme curiosity. "That's the ninth page I've seen you complete."

Gilbert jumped at the unexpected voice coming through the open window and almost upset the ink. It was easy to see, even from a distance, that the question had startled him very much.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

The Code of Sportsmanship

ANNOUNCEMENT OF PRIZES, BY JONATHAN BROOKS

IT is my opinion that William Jones, of Scranton, Pa., should win the \$50 award of The Youth's Companion for his letter describing the most shining act of good sportsmanship. His story of the baseball game between his team and the Gannon Gabblers will show why I think so.



William Jones
Age 16
\$50 Prize Winner

Jones tells of a pitcher who, after having been spiked by a baserunner at the plate, pitches to that player in a critical situation. The pitcher and his mates have been playing under all sorts of unfair handicaps, but in a tight place, with the wind blowing clouds of dust about the batter so that he can hardly see the ball, the pitcher refuses to shoot a third strike over the plate. Instead, he steps out of the box and waits until the wind dies down so that the batter will have a fair chance to see the ball. The rules did not require him to do so, the umpire did not tell him to wait, and his opponents had not earned such generous treatment. Yet he insisted on being absolutely fair.

Fairness, I think, is the keynote of good sportsmanship, and in this connection I wish to point out that the deluge of letters in reply to The Companion announcement of the good sportsmanship letter contest should give the Sportsmanship Brotherhood a new clause for its definition of sportsmanship.

Most of the writers describing acts of sportsmanlike conduct appeared to have all the tenets of the Brotherhood definition in mind. But in addition they had one other thing in mind. Practically all of them seemed to insist on fairness as the final test of sportsmanship, the fairness that requires courage, honesty and generosity. I like the Brotherhood definition of sportsmanship, but I congratulate the readers of The Companion on bringing forward a thought that should be embodied in an amendment to the definition.

THE true sportsman keeps himself fit, keeps the rules, the faith, his temper, his pride and a stout heart. Williams, the pitcher described by Jones of Scranton, did those things. Moreover, he refused absolutely to take an unfair advantage of his adversary when there was nothing in the rules to prevent him from so doing. He could not have been criticized for pitching to his man while the dust was in the air, for the umpire had not called the game. His opponents had taken unfair advantage of him time and again; this particular opponent had purposely spiked him. Yet he stepped out of the box, waited until the wind died, and then gave his enemy a fair chance to hit. I admire the courage and honesty that enabled Williams to be fair, and I like the way young Jones of Scranton tells the story.

Robert Brazil, of Ventura, Calif., illustrates this same spirit in his story of the two boys in a contest of kicking a soccer ball. One boy had heavy shoes, the other wore light ones. The boy with heavy shoes, unwilling to take advantage of his opponent, insisted on lending a heavy shoe to the other boy, thus making the contest an even one.

Orwyn H. Ellis, of Philadelphia, is another who makes fairness the test of sportsmanship, with his tale of the English runner who, after accidentally tripping his American competitor, helped the other to his feet and then resumed the race. John F. Byers, a Germantown boy, sees the same point when he tells how Borotra refused to return a tennis ball stroked so hard by Tilden that Tilden's racket broke. It was not Borotra's fault that Tilden's racket broke, but Borotra refused to take advantage of Tilden

by scoring a point that Tilden could not contest.

Lawrence Finley, of Morning Sun, Ia., feels as so many others do, that fairness, requiring courage and honesty, is the test. He tells of a football game. In the closing minutes, a boy named Johnson scored a touchdown, winning for his team. The referee allowed the score, but Johnson declared he had pushed the ball over the line after the whistle blew. It took courage and honesty, but Johnson had to be fair to himself and his opponents.

All these letters from Companion readers were interesting, and I congratulate the editor on having such a splendid group of young sportsmen for his readers.

JONATHAN BROOKS

SAND-LOT BALL—AND WHO SHOWED THE SAND

IT HAPPENED to be the witness of an exceedingly sportsmanlike act one day last summer. Considering all that had gone before, it was very sportsmanlike. We had a very strong amateur team that year. Of the nine regulars, five could pitch, and the remaining four were capable catchers.

Some places in Scranton are tough, to say the least. When a team from a miners' district, which I will call the Gannon Gabblers, challenged us, we hesitated a little but finally consented to a series of three.

They won the first game, 3-2, when the captain, whom I will call O'Brien, hit a home run in the third inning. We won the second, 2-0, good curve-ball pitching and the breaks giving us the victory. They won

As adopted by the Brotherhood of Sportsmanship, an organization national in scope, and devoted to the purpose of raising the standard of sportsmanship throughout the country, the code is:

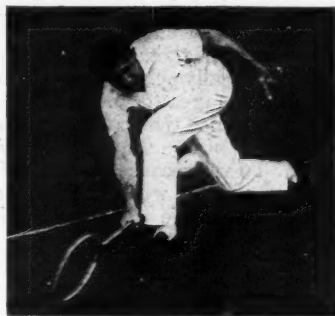
THE SPORTSMAN KEEPS THE RULES, KEEPS FAITH WITH HIS COMRADES AND PLAYS THE GAME FOR HIS SIDE; KEEPS HIMSELF FIT, KEEPS HIS TEMPER, KEEPS FROM HITTING A MAN WHEN HE IS DOWN; KEEPS HIS PRIDE UNDER IN VICTORY, KEEPS A STOUT HEART IN DEFEAT, ACCOMPANIED BY GOOD GRACE; AND KEEPS A SOUND SOUL AND A CLEAN MIND IN A HEALTHY BODY.

All true sportsmen follow these laws of sportsmanship instinctively. If you think you are a true sport, ask yourself if you have been true to this code before you say, "I am."

Williams, a fast ball pitcher, was our choice, and for six innings he kept them hitless. In the same time we scored two runs. Williams had excellent control, and the game looked safe.

But then the dirty work which had been in all the games was increased; and oh, what a change! I was spiked four times in one inning. The first man up, O'Brien, was walked. He took a lead and was driven back; he slid, hooked the base with one foot and spiked me in the ankle. Then he stole second and spiked the second baseman, who is Irish, and it made him "fighting mad." A fight, however, would have meant a riot, and we held him. O'Brien was sacrificed to third; the runner slid into first and spiked me. So did the next two, but O'Brien had gotten home on a wild pass and spiked our pitcher, who was covering the plate.

The umpire, or rather their umpire, never said a word. Three men spiked by one runner! He might have carried an axe just as well. This was sand-lot baseball and our



Borotra in action

THE most sportsmanly act that I remember was shown by Borotra, French tennis star, in his match with Tilden at the Manheim Cricket Club, last fall. In returning the ball Tilden hit it with such force that he broke his racket. Instead of returning the ball, Borotra waited until Tilden had another racket. He thus threw away a chance to win the game.

Second Prize Letter JOHN F. BYERS (15)
Germantown, Pa.

ONCE saw a sportsmanly act which I never will forget. It was on April 24, 1924.

At the Pennsylvania Relay Carnival an English runner, in the four-mile race, who was expected to set a new world's record that day, accidentally tripped a Yale runner, who naturally fell down. Instead of running on and making the record he stopped and helped the fallen man to his feet and then won the race.

Third Prize Letter ORWYN H. ELLIS (15)
Philadelphia, Pa.

NEAR the end of our biggest football game, our captain, Johnson, made what looked like a touchdown.

But our rivals' captain protested it, claiming Johnson had pushed the ball over after the final whistle had blown. An argument ensued. The referee said that he thought the ball was not over, but, as he had not seen Johnson push it, he would have to count the score.

But now Johnson came over and amid the protests of his team mates told the referee that he had pushed the ball over the goal line after the whistle had blown. This lost the game for us, but Johnson showed he was a square guy.

Special Prize Letter LAWRENCE FINLEY (16)
Morning Sun, Pa.

first encounter with it. It's my belief that our team showed the sand.

And that was merely the beginning. Their infielders gave our runners the "hip." The catcher called our batters all sorts of things and "tipped the bats" without a word from the umpire. When our catcher went after a foul fly, some one tripped him. All "accidental," of course. Another time, with a man on first, our man hit a hot one along the ground to the second baseman, who backed up until he collided with the runner and made it look as though it was the runner's fault. He was promptly called out. And so in a record of unworthy tactics the game continued.

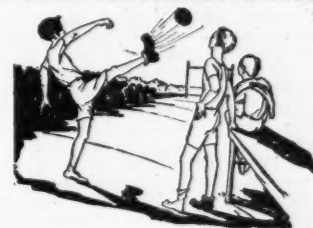
We were deadlocked at two runs, all up to the eleventh, when in our half we scored a run. The Gabblers got two men on base with two out when O'Brien came up. He had had a perfect day at bat and wanted to keep it so. At this stage of the game the wind began to rise, and a little dust was rising. Williams had two strikes on the batter when the wind increased and blinded the batter. The dust was sweeping in directly from the pitching box, and it would have been the simplest thing in the world to whip over a strike and end the agony. But instead he stepped out of the box until the wind had died down.

Despite his being spiked, the names he had been called, etc., he was so great a sportsman that he could not do anything not absolutely right. We, who played with him, will always respect and honor him for it. I doubt if anything can equal his performance. If you had been there and seen the conditions under which it was played, you would agree with me.

It may be of interest to you to know that O'Brien hit the next ball for a single and the score was tied. We got the next man out and broke through again to win in the fifteenth. Final score, 4-3, the most exciting and interesting game I ever played in or saw. They wished to play us again, but we thanked them and said "no."

First Prize Letter WILLIAM JONES (16)
Scranton, Pa.

IN THE CHAMPION'S SHOES



THE following true event happened at the Arnaz School at a field meet held there. The country schools of Ventura, Calif., have field meets every year. These are looked forward to by the pupils of the schools, as they can compete with the pupils of the other schools in running, high jumping, broad jumping, soccer kicking, basket shooting, and soccer throwing. One pupil can enter in only four of these events.

The meet was about over, when the soccer kick took place. Two boys of the Arnaz School were competing against each other; their names were Vernon Nunemaker and Carl Sattler. Vernon had won three first prizes already that day and was ahead in the kick; Carl had not won a prize that day, and it was his last year at school. Carl kicked once with his own shoes, but they were too light to do any hard kicking, so Vernon took off his own shoe and made Carl kick with it. With this heavier shoe Carl won first place. When Carl got the blue ribbon, a symbol of first place, Vernon was as pleased as Carl.

Special Prize Letter ROBERT BRAZIL (11)
Ventura, Calif.

FACT AND COMMENT

THE PETTY VEXATIONS of life are like beggars: If you treat them kindly, they will call again and again. But if you kick them from your door, you will be little troubled by them thereafter.—From the Youth's Companion, September 12, 1828.

IN THE LITTLE VILLAGE of East Hendred in Berkshire, England, there is a church clock that has been telling the time without interruption for four hundred years. At last they had to stop it in order that necessary repairs might be made; but the old clock is again on the job, ready to run for four centuries more no doubt. Even this clock is not the oldest in England, for the church of Rye parish has one that was erected in 1515 and is still running with its original mechanism.

LAST WISHES OF THE DEAD take on a curiously authoritative quality, a sort of sanctity that appeals to our sense of honor the more powerfully because the wishers have no other resource. They are building a great new bridge across the Delaware River, between Camden and Philadelphia. It will not be opened to traffic until July 4, yet across it the other day passed a funeral procession bearing the body of a woman. She had been the wife of one of the commissioners who are building the bridge and had so looked forward to crossing it that it was almost her last wish. And so, even though she had crossed a greater bridge and a wider river, workmen laid aside their tools for a little while and stood bareheaded while the funeral train passed.

LIVING IN GLASS HOUSES

IN the figurative sense, expressed in the old proverb about the folly of the indiscriminate throwing of stones, humanity has always lived in glass houses; more or less. But now, certain architects of imagination are looking forward to the time when we, or many of us, shall be living literally between walls of glass. Whether these architects are visionaries or men of vision The Youth's Companion does not know; but this is what they say:

Architecture has already been revolutionized by the substitution of steel for masonry in the structure of great buildings. We are still concealing that fact as far as we can, by putting up masquerading walls of cut stone outside the steel frames which support all the weight. We have not yet outgrown the idea that a building must look massive, even though there is no structural necessity for all that display of masonry. But that will not always be the case. Already there are buildings to be seen in which the stone or brick work of the walls is a mere frame for vast groups of windows, through which the light pours into the interior. Why not go farther and use only glass to fill in the spaces between the steel columns?

Of course it would not be thin and fragile window glass, but substantial block glass; translucent, but not transparent. Such glass lets the light through, but you cannot see through it. The result would be an astonishing diffusion of soft daylight throughout the entire building, a matter of no small importance in the lofty office buildings now rising upon the narrow streets of our great cities, in which artificial light is required on all but the sunniest days of the year. Glass is not yet made just as it would be needed for construction of this kind, but is there any reason why it should not be? Architects and glass-makers say there is not.

It is also suggested that in time the new quartz glass may be produced cheaply enough to be used for this purpose. That would be still better, for it is less brittle and breakable than ordinary glass; and it permits the ultra-violet rays of sunlight to pass through it, as ordinary glass does not. These ultra-violet rays are the healing and germ-killing rays, and a building flooded with them would be a more healthful as well as a better-lighted place in which to work.

There are many problems for the architect still to work out, says Mr. Ludlow, the ingenious artist who has had the clearest vision of the glass houses that are to be. "The proportion of steel frame to glass, the shape of the glass units and the design of the mullions that shall frame them, the kind of fireproofing that is to be used, the way of opening and closing the 'windows,' the character of the glass itself, and the combination of glass walls with terraces in sky-scraper



Wide World Photos

JAMES JACKSON STORROWS

THE Boy Scout is a familiar figure in city, town and village. Everybody knows what he stands for—the readiness of the young citizen to be of some use to other people, to individuals standing in need of acts of sympathy and helpfulness, to a community through joining with his fellows in doing something for the general good. On the principle of getting in proportion to what you give, of course the Boy Scout is immensely the gainer from all this—through the development of his own character, the exercise of spiritual muscles which will qualify him for usefulness in the larger fields of adult activity.

The chairman of the national organization of Boy Scouts died last month—James Jackson Storrows, of Boston. The truth that every good cause is strengthened by the mere spectacle and example of an outstanding personal embodiment of its aims and deeds has seldom been illustrated more completely than in his life.

In Harvard College, from which he graduated forty-one years ago, he was a notable oarsman, rowing three times in a winning varsity crew, once as its captain. After studying law, he entered the great financial house of Lee, Higginson & Company and in due time became a member of the firm. He was the senior member when he died in his early sixties.

One measure of success in such a

life is the accumulation of a fortune. This Mr. Storrows accomplished; but his reputation was something far more important and lasting than that of a "rich man." In many fields of vital leadership he served and left his mark upon his city, his state, his country, through years of peace and of war. A college classmate has written of him: "He was a real democrat—I do not mean of the hand-shaking variety; Storrows shook many hands, but he never shook one for the sake of a vote or a favor. In fact, he was sometimes preoccupied and sometimes brusque; but it never occurred to him to treat one man differently from another on account of birth, of education or of wealth."

If there had been Boy Scouts during the boyhood of "Jim" Storrows—as he was called in school, college and the world of affairs—he would have been one of them. At his death he was universally acknowledged the first citizen of a great city. It was not merely by chance that he stood also at the head of the Boy Scouts of America. To their cause he gave of his brains and his wealth. What is more, he led a life which showed forth, with no flourish of trumpets, the very principles of that cause. How many of the first citizens, the "Jim Storrows," of forty years hence are now numbered in the Boy Scouts of city, town and village? There is room for one in every place.

M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

Perhaps the boys and girls who read this will live to see glass buildings as common as brick houses are today.

ROADSIDE TREES

NO one who drives a car or rides a horse or travels afoot along our country roads can fail to recall the comfort and charm of those stretches where the way lies through woods. Even the scattered patches where the roadsides are lined with double rows of ancient trees—maples or elms or chestnuts in New England, oaks and hickories and black walnuts in other regions—afford a welcome shade and rouse a gentle gratitude for the unknown benefactor, now long dead, who planted them.

Why should there not be more of such inviting aisles? Certainly there is no lack of room. Roadside planting is not new. Some of the states have long been interested in it and have done much work, yet the Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture estimates that there is still available for the purpose some nine and a half million acres of roadside land, now vacant and useless.

Besides the Department of Agriculture, the Federation of Women's Clubs and various memorial associations interested in perpetuating the memory of soldiers who died in the Great War have become interested in the work, from the economic as well as the aesthetic and sentimental point of view. They are directing their efforts chiefly toward inducing townships to take up the matter in a comprehensive way.

Nine and a half million acres is capable of producing a great deal of valuable timber, in a country that is using up its present supply of timber at an appalling rate. But it could produce much more. Hickory nuts are selling for twenty-five cents a pound and English walnuts at the same price, and pecans for twice as much. Even chestnuts are scarce and high. What a harvest we could reap from our roadside nut trees if the waste land were put to work! There are foreign chestnuts that are immune to the blight, and native butternuts that bear kernels thrice the ordinary size, and hickory nuts with thinner shells than usual. Who but the dwellers in far woodsy places know the delicate flavor of beechnuts or of the native wayside hazel?

We need some modern Johnny Appleseeds who shall be as "nutty" as he was seedy.

SPURTS

THERE are people who do their work in the world evenly, steadily, quietly.

They get up in the morning knowing that the day has its appointed task, which must be done. They dispose of the task with serene exactitude. The next day brings another, and the next another; each is performed in the same spirit. There is competence, accuracy, but no excitement, no enthusiasm, and likewise there is no discouragement or despondency. Such persons take work and play, as they take sleeping and eating, as part of the routine of life.

Other people live and move by spurts. Everything with them is a matter of zeal and passion. There are days when their daily labor takes on a glory. They see rich possibilities in it of achievement and distinction. They throw themselves into it entirely; they see new openings for effort, and take advantage of them, build large and splendid edifices of hope and confidence and call upon every resource of their spirits to realize them. Then come days of reaction. Perhaps there is a physical element in it. Perhaps the ductless glands, of which we hear so much, for the time cease to function and to inspire. At any rate, the spurt collapses. If there is character behind it, the man goes on working somehow, gets his daily task done; but there is no passion in it, and very little hope. Such lives are made up of alternations of enthusiasm and despair.

It is probable that the biggest and best things in the world, the really original things, are done by those who work in spurts. Genius is built largely in that way. But, if that is your temper, the secret is to understand it and to master it. Take advantage of your ardors, but do not let them burn you up. Restrain them within reason, and do not let them exhaust you until reaction becomes a danger. Learn to realize when you are up that you will be down, and when you are

construction, all enter into the fascinating problem." To a layman the matter of fireproofing would appear the most difficult of questions. Fire has an unfortunate effect on glass, and cold water applied to hot glass is still more destructive. We can imagine a glass building, if well heated by a lively fire,

falling in jingling ruin before the streams of the fire engines. But the experts do not appear to be alarmed. They think American ingenuity will find a way around that difficulty. Quartz glass, for example, is not brittle or breakable under fire, though it is at present too costly too use.

down that the period of exaltation and achievement will come again. Those who are capable of spurts of spiritual splendor, and know how to get the utmost out of them, lead mankind, and leave a track of glory and of good behind them.

THIS WORLD

Universal Suffrage in Japan

The new Japanese suffrage law, according to which the number of citizens entitled to vote is increased from three million to thirteen million, has been promulgated by imperial decree. Women are not enfranchised. What effect this enormous increase in the electorate will have, when the next general elections for the Diet occur, is a question that is causing the Japanese politicians a great deal of uneasiness.

Sending Sound by Light Waves

A young instructor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Mr. D. C. Stockbarger, has succeeded in transmitting sound by means of a beam of light from a powerful mercury arc searchlight. The intensity of the light is constantly varied by electrical impulses governed by the movement of a diaphragm on which the sounds are recorded. At the receiving end the beam plays upon a selenium coil, which is extremely sensitive to light. The cell transmits a correspondingly variable current to the receiving circuit, which is amplified and turned into audible sound again by a loud speaker. The sound appears to travel over the invisible ultra-violet rays, so that a screen which will shut off the visible rays and permit only the dark signal-carrying waves to pass is probably practicable. Messages can be sent as far as the beam of light can be detected. It is suggested that this might be a valuable means of communication in time of war.

Finding New Universes

An eminent astronomer of Chicago, Dr. Edwin Hubble, believes that he has identified a dim and distant star cluster, visible only in the strongest telescopes, as a universe quite separate and distinct from our own. The nebulous star-cloud in question—which astronomers catalogue as N. G. C. 6822—lies entirely outside the galaxy of suns and stars among which our own solar system moves and is uncounted billions of miles distant in space. Doctor Hubble is of opinion that there are other universes equally distinct from our own, though at such distances that our present instruments give us little idea of their number, size or composition.

Muscle Shoals Again

The Senate has voted to authorize a committee of Congress to receive bids from private interests for the lease of the power created by the Muscle Shoals dams and power houses, now virtually completed. The policy of leasing is advocated by the Administration, but in the Senate the vote was non-partisan; both Republicans and Democrats voted in favor of the bill and against it. The House is expected to agree to the bill, but it is not probable that the committee will be ready to report its conclusions before next winter's session of Congress.

The Verdict on Ethyl Gas

We spoke some time ago of the controversy over the use of gasoline treated with tetraethyl lead as automobile fuel. A number of deaths occurred in the manufactory where the mixture was made, and it was charged that the gas was likely to be poisonous to automobile users. The report of a committee of scientific men, appointed by the Surgeon-General, is now at hand. The committee finds that no observable risk attends the uses of tetraethyl-lead gasoline as a fuel, though there are considerable risks connected with the blending and perhaps the storage of it. The committee recommends the enforcement of a strict supervision of its manufacture by the Public Health Service.



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\$1625, f. o. b. Detroit

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Election of 265 New Associate Members



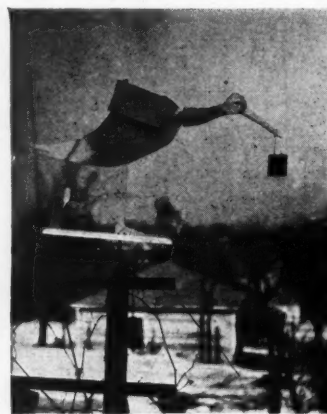
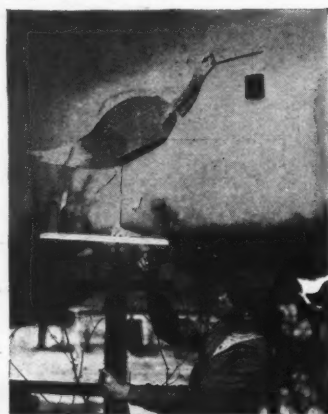
THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys



Associate Members continued

Keith Altig, Berthoud, Colorado *Medicine Cabinet*
Calvert Anderson, Prescott, Wash. *Magazine Rack*
Willard Arant, Forest Grove, Oregon *Model Boat*
Robert Arnold, Tiro, Ohio *Handy Tool Box*
Charles E. Asfahl, Riceville, Iowa *Emery*
Sam Austin, Rocky Mound, N. C. *Chest*
Harold G. Bailey, Salem Depot, N. H. *Bird House*
William Baker, 75 So. Burdett St., New Britain, Conn. *Model of American Clipper Ship*
Alfred L. Baldner, 408 S. McArthur St., Macomb, Ill. *Clock Rack*
Leon Banks, East St., Bethlehem, Conn. *Pony Wagon*
Leland Barloga, Durand, Illinois *Model Engine*
Alvin Barsuhn, R. F. D. 1, Gladwin, Mich. *Tie Rack*
John Bassett, Plainfield, N. H. *Bit Rack*
Harry Beardsley, 14 Van Arden St., Auburn, N. Y. *Footstool with Reed Top*
Holland Benedict, Jr., 355 Academy St., South Orange, N. J. *Seven-Tube Neurodome*
Tom Bennisson, 516 10th Ave., So., Nampa, Idaho *Miniature Cupboard*
Albert E. Berry, Witt, Ill. *Hen House*
John Blasdel, Sylvia, Kansas *Game Board*
Russell E. Blake, Pecatonica, Ill. *Bird House*
Willis M. Bower, Royersford, Pa. *Model Home*
Glenn Brand, Lambert, Minn. *Food Hopper*
Woodrow Brand, Prairie, Miss. *Bird House*
Nelson Briggs, Jr., Grinnell, Ia. *Three-Circuit Hook-Up*
Donald W. Brous, 516 Swarthmore Ave., Ridley Park, Pa. *Ice Boat*
Paul Brown, 769 Spruce St., Sharon, Pa. *Telephone*
Frederick S. Brucker, 2216 E. 68th St., Chicago, Ill. *Stage Set*
David P. Buchanan, Star Route, Cisco, Utah *Desk*
Stanley Burrows, 1803 6th St., Port Huron, Mich. *Toy Automobile*
G. M. Burt, 4928 4th St., Chico, California *Crystal Radio Receiver*
Charles A. Bushnell, 1813 Rail Road Ave., Aberdeen, Wash. *Pontoon Boat*
Arthur S. Bussey, Jr., 305 11th Ave. E., Cordele, Ga. *Model Airplane*
Horace B. Call, 229 Arlington St., Wollaston, Mass. *Work on "Cinderella"*
Bion S. Campbell, Deaver, Wyoming *Cedar Chest*
John D. Carpenter, Box 304, Granite Falls, Wash. *Electric Table*
Holmer Chandler, R. R. 2, Aledo, Ill. *Telephone Stand*
Clifton A. Clark, West Burke, Vt. *Folding Music Rack*
Lucius Clark, La Moille, Minn. *Model Tractor*
Richard Claybrook, 804 Grant Ave., Plainfield, N. J. *Book Rack*
Kermit Coker, Blue Springs, Miss. *Humidity Recorder*
George H. Colby, Tilton, N. H. *Snow Shoes*
Kinloch Cole, Box 793, Breckenridge, Texas *Rheostat*
Albert R. Collett, Merritt, B. C., Canada *Rapier*
Fred J. Corcoran, Jr., Williamsport, Ohio *Saw Mill*
Gordon Cottrell, Hoosick Falls, N. Y. *Tree House*
Winston S. Crane, Red Bluff, Cal. *Bird House*
David F. Crowe, 4332 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md. *Flower Pedestal*
Dan Crowley, Hillman, Mich. *Toy Wagon*
Lewis W. Curtis, Halsey, Oregon *Model Airplane*
Alan P. Cusick, 35 Union St., Taunton, Mass. *Model-Picture Projector*
Walter D. Daniels, New Haven, Ct. *Twine Winder*
Ernest H. Davis, 304 Quincy St., Brockton, Mass. *Ink Bottle and Pen Holder*
Forbes R. deTamble, 73-A Garden St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. *Lathe for Turning Model Masts*
Arthur L. Doiron, 36 Village St., Reading, Mass. *Electrical Experiment*
Reuben H. Donelson, Colerain, Mass. *Play-Pen*
Paul A. Dressel, Elkton, S. Dak. *Pushmobile*
Richard Dunning, 154 Main St., Greenwich, N. Y. *Private Tel. & Tel. Line*
Bradford Eaton, R. 2, Belfast, Me. *Oat Sprouter*
Robert Feeley, Sanders, Montana *Lighting System*
George B. Fell, Box 304, Rockford, Ill. *Book Rack*
Edmund Ferns, 3525 Stevens Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn. *Flying Toboggan*
Howard Field, Allegheny, N. Y. *Kiddie Car*
Roger Firestone, Miami Beach, Fla. *Breadboard*
Howard Fish, Colerain, Mass. *Shis*
Ralph Fitch, Hudson, So. Dak. *Model Airplane*
Malcolm J. Fleming, 192 Bay View Ave., Amityville, L. I., N. Y. *Marconi-rigged Sloop*
Elmer S. Floyd, R. F. D. 61, Londonderry, N. H. *Desk*
Charles S. Fogwell, 830 N. 8th Ave., Phoenix, Arizona *Lathe*
Walter E. Frey, Route 2, Box 64, Goessel, Kansas *Crane Rain-Model*
Jerry L. Friend, Box 124, R. F. D. 2, Roswell, New Mexico *Tabouret*



Crane Rain-Bird, 21st Weekly Award

Designed by Associate Member Walter E. Frey (17), R. 2, Box 64, Goessel, Kansas

In applying for Membership to the Y. C. Lab, Frey sent in as his project, on February 28, 1926, a good drawing and description of this amusing bird, which not only is a weathervane, but dips his head whenever rain falls into the little bucket. Members Call and Sawyer immediately constructed one, which now decorates the Y. C. Lab at Wollaston.

Make the bird of hard wood, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. The body is two feet long, the head and bill 16 inches. Down the neck is nailed a narrow strip of tough wood, and on the other end is a block about five by nine inches, for a counterweight to balance the head. This is pivoted on a stove bolt.

An iron tube, one-half inch in diameter, is attached to the vertical leg by four $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch stove bolts. This acts as the swivel of the weathervane. Run the tube about five

inches down through the platform. Then sink an iron rod in a post top, and the iron tube fits over it, turning in every breeze. Use any small can with a wire handle, to hang over the beak. The platform is 21 inches long, by 4 inches wide. The little windmills on the ends, copied from Frey's design, have paddles 6 inches long.

The trick in making the bird is to get the balance, which we did by testing the wooden counterweight, and filling the cup with trial amounts of water.

This device makes a practical weathervane, and an extremely amusing feature in our garden, outside the Lab. Well made and finished, the crane rain-bird should sell well as an attractive novelty. Tools required: saw, spokeshave, brace and bits, files and plane. It can be painted in gay colors, making it additionally attractive.

Associate Members—continued

Richard Frizzell, 56 Chestnut St., Waltham, Mass. *Book Holder*
Randall Frizzle, Berwick, Nova Scotia *Yacht*
John H. Fuller, 27 Jackson Ave., Rutland, Vt. *Sun-Dial*
Earl Garretson, Plano, Iowa *Waste-paper Basket*
Harry Gaston, P. O. Box 74, West Milford, W. Va. *Coin-and-Arrow head tray*
William Gates, Jr., Lemoore, Cal. *Shaving Cabinet*
Ruston Glenn, 1610 Foster St., Harrisburg, Pa. *Baseball Game*
Richard Gordon, Woodford, Me. *Model Ship*
Verne Grant, Waterville, Me. *Cedar Chest*
Robert F. Gould, 855 Ackerman Ave., Syracuse, N. Y. *Coaster-Top*
Wesley I. Hale, Manlius, N. Y. *Telescope Case*
John H. Haley, Jr., Bowling Green, Mo. *Club House*
Earl M. Hall, Nausha, N. H. *Fern Stand*
A. J. Hapeman, Irvington, Ill. *Pen*
Charles Harper, Angola, N. Y. *Drawing Instrument*
Francis Harris, 308 West State St., Olean, N. Y. *Folding Clothes-Rack*
Frank S. Harris, Jr., Provo, Utah *Bird House*
John Harrison, Abbeville, So. Carolina *Scroll Saw*
Bert Harry, San Marco, Texas *Model Ship*
Merrin Harsh, Canastota, N. Y. *Gun Cabinet*
John C. Hartley, 841 Vickroy Ave., Johnstown, Pa. *Bicycle Stand*
Ralph C. Harvey, Canaseraga, N. Y. *Room Lighting*
Walter Hawk, Oneiga Ave., San Dimas, California *Tooth-brush Holder*
Samuel R. Hawkes, Webster, Wisconsin *Switch*
Robert W. Hedges, 151 Read St., New Haven, Conn. *Sail Boat*
Earl E. Hege, Chambersburg, Pa. *Lathe*
Joseph Helmbold, Tuscola, Mich. *Football Pump*
Robert Herrick, 304 East Ave., Newark, N. Y. *Tabouret*
Jim O. Hill, Route 3, Nocona, Texas *Stophlight*
Mark Hille, Sloan, Iowa *Stills*
Henry Hodel, Cissna Park, Ill. *Water Wheel*
Joseph W. Hodel, Route 1, Box 54, Cissna Park, Ill. *Weather Vane*
Arthur W. Hoewing, Moweaqua, Ill. *Wren Box*
Theo F. Hoewing, Moweaqua, Ill. *Book Rack*
Cecil Hutchison, R. R. 3, Box 167, Lincoln, Nebraska *Cool Brake for Express Car*
Edgar Ingerson, Barstow, Texas *Shocking Machine*
Malcolm Inglis, Adams Basin, N. Y. *Sailboat*
Jack Ivie, Willard, Ga. *Ford Truck Body*
Edward Jackson, Niara, Montana *Gun*
Ray M. Jamison, 290 N. Jefferson St., Martinsville, Ind. *Magic Lantern*
Francis Januszewski, 2431 Falt Ave., Baltimore, Md. *Book Rack*
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Mark Kellor, Jr., Beloit, Wis. *Bird House*
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F. Junior Kettelkamp, 322 Henry St., Nokomis, Ill. *Airplane*

J. Frank Killian, Mowersville, Pa. *Chicken Coop*
Lester D. Kilroy, St. Andrew School, W. Barrington, R. I. *Motor-reversing Switch*
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Howard Klein, R. R. 10, Toledo, Ohio *Shelf*
Earl F. Kluth, Main St., Reedsville, Wis. *Glider*
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Rush Knappenberger, Charlevoix, Pa. *Cabinet*
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Wallace Sharpe, Geneva, N. Y. *Butterfly Net*
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Wendell Shouse, White Lake, So. Dakota *Applique*
Hoxden, Wis. *Glider*
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Donald Smith, 78 Pleasant St., Methuen, Mass. *Sewing Basket*
Frank Smith, Madison, Va. *Electric Motor*
Urban Smith, West Pembroke, Me. *Blow Torch*
Davy Soper, Wiotra, Iowa *Traveling Spool*
John Soule, Anacortes, Washington *End Table*
Kenneth Spidderner, Conneaut, Ohio *Box Trap*
Claud J. Sprague, Schoolcraft, Mich. *Book Ends*
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Gilbert Stalker, Plainston, N. H. *Work Bench & Novelty Mail Box*
Norty Starkey, Box 397, Somerset, Ky. *Toy Fire*
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Charles T. Stewart, 1330 Blue Ave., Zanesville, Ohio *Donald Steward, Box 128, Rivière-du-Loup, P. O., Canada*
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John Von Bernuth, Del Norte, Col. *Bird House*
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Joe Walker, R. 3, Box 129, Lamar, Colorado *Buffet*
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Richard Wendelken, 620 Third St., Marietta, Ohio *Telegraph Key and Sounder*
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Clarence Westaway, Canton, N. Y. *Shocking Coil*
Ames Wheeler, 4590 Spuyten Duyvil Parkway, New York City *Model Sailboat*
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Paul Whitaker, Hazardville, Conn. *Ski*
Smith B. Williams, Methuen, Mass. *Skate Scooter*
George B. Willis, Box 78, Wyncote, Pa. *Work Bench*
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William Woodcock, Syracuse, N. Y. *Telegraph Unit*
Gene Woods, Box 891, Harlan, Iowa *Model Boat*
Lorne Worthington, Musselshell, Montana *Mail Box*
Royal C. Young, Norp Springs, Iowa *Table*

The Secretary's Notes

This page answers, if you read it carefully, a great many questions that are being asked. Photographs or sketches sent in to qualify for membership frequently receive Weekly or even Quarterly Awards. When a sketch shows a project of exceptional scientific or commercial interest, or both, we frequently make the device at the Wollaston Lab, and then consider its merit for a prize award.

The first step, if you wish to join the Lab, is to fill in and mail the coupon below. Complete information and an application blank will be sent to you. If elected, you will have the right to compete for the cash awards, to ask any scientific or mechanical question for reply free, by mail, and to have the insignia of membership and the various other advantages and privileges of the Society.

In no case send a model of your device unless you are especially asked to do so by letter.

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

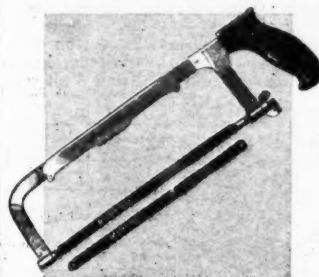
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That you can get Boston Garters made specially for you? In every particular, just the same as Dad's, except that in size they are adapted to those of you beginning your first long trousers. Boston's are preferred by men who know good garters because they look better, wear better and feel better.

For those who wear knickers, ask for the Knicker Boston Garter.

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7732 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Miscellany

SPRING SEWING

By Gertrude West

*Oh, some bright April morning she was up before the sun,
And all the little household tasks right speedily were done.*

*The sewing-room was spotless, and its windows opened wide—
It seemed the blossom-bellied spring herself had stepped inside;
For yards and yards of color lay on tables and on chairs,
And edgely and happily she shut herself upstairs.*

*Oh, take that orchid organdie,—with zigzag ruffles spaced,
With crispy, saucy sash ends tied and bodice quaintly laced,—
How Ellen with her dimples, like some old daguerreotype,
Her dancing eyes and chestnut hair and lips so berry ripe,
Would tilt her ruffled sunshade up for all the Street to see
And stroll beneath the maples, in that orchid organdie.*

*And Phillis,—in this linen of the softest golden hue,—
Her slender, tranquil Phillis, whom the whole small village knew,
Whom boyish eyes would follow, and to whom a child would call,
And whom the gray grandmothers termed 'the sweetest one of all'—
A something charming then to please the friendly village eyes
She'd fashion from these linen folds—a daffodil surprise.*

*What cared the busy sewer that the gown she wore herself
Was made from quite the dullest gray upon the gingham shelf.
In rainbow seams she wove her dreams that those she loved the best
Might walk their young, glad, golden ways all beautifully dressed;
And, like a hundred mothers in a hundred little towns,
She made her own youth over in those slender little gowns.*

FAINT, YET PURSUING

LEONIDAS and his three hundred Spartans fought bravely and perished at Thermopylae; Gideon and his three hundred men fought a greatly superior host and won a memorable victory. There is no more brilliant piece of strategy on record than that by which Gideon placed his men on hillsides around the camp of the enemy and displayed their simultaneous and diversified activity at a given signal that pealed forth at dead of night. Three hundred lights flashed out. Three hundred trumpets pealed. Three hundred earthen pitchers broke with crashing sounds against the Palestinian rocks. The enemy woke to sudden terror. They were surrounded! Organized resistance was not to be thought of; they fled through the dark, and Gideon and his men occupied the camp.

That is the part of the story which we all know. If all life's battles could be won in that fashion, we might take a leaf out of Gideon's book, and, all of us being heroes for one night, we might make for ourselves illustrious names and have little to do thereafter.

But the enemy could not be relied upon to continue its flight forever without stopping to inquire just how large an army Gideon probably had and whether it was necessary to run forever from the sudden terror of a possible illusion. Gideon knew that this would happen if he let the enemy stop and think, and he knew what was necessary to prevent his victory from rolling back upon him and crushing him.

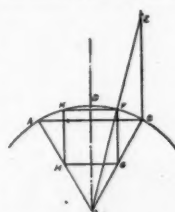
The rest of the story is of the hard, daylight pursuit. Before the enemy had time to stop and reckon up the probable size of Gideon's host, Gideon and his little army were hard on their rear. No longer did the night protect them, or deceive the enemy

by that process of multiplication which mystery lends to the imagination. It was stern fighting now, and in the daylight, with wearisome pursuit and no time to stop for food or rest. But it was just that process which made Gideon's victory permanent. Had he failed in this pursuit, the lamp-and-pitcher incident would have been a fiasco in the light of what would have happened afterward.

It is not always the brilliant success of a single endeavor, however noble or well planned, that makes a man a hero. Hundreds of men fail because they are not able to follow up their initial success with steady, persistent labor. Some of the best victories of life have been won by the persistent courage of the faint.

THE SQUARE IN THE SECTOR

Two weeks ago we printed a problem for our young geometricians: How shall we project a square within the sector of a circle, so that two corners of the square shall be



on the inclosed arc and two on the radii that inclose the sector. Here is the solution as sent by the Euclids of the Y. C. Lab to the boy who put the problem to us. Expressed as a demonstration, it is as follows: The given sector is the figure AOC. Draw the chord, AC. Bisect the angle at O with the line OD. From C erect a perpendicular to CA, making the length such that CE equals CA. Connect O and E. Where OE cuts the arc ADC, as at F, is one corner of the square. Draw FG parallel to OD; GH parallel to AC; HK parallel to FG; and KF to complete the square.

WINDMILL ETIQUETTE

THE picturesque Dutch windmills are fast passing from the landscape of the Land of Dikes. The Dutch millers are modernizing their mills and turning to electricity. They are right, of course; but along with the great blades and stubby towers there will vanish much that is quaint and pictorial in tradition as well as in architecture, for the miller has made his mill, through many generations, show and express his joys and sorrows.

Always the Dutch miller has given his mill a name and called it by that: never just the "mill." When a daughter of the household married, the mill was gaily adorned; when a member of the family died, the mill was put into mourning, and the degree of that mourning was governed by fixed rules of windmill etiquette. If the owner died, all the twenty boards in the arms of the mill were taken out, and the mill stood motionless for a given time, as if in grief over the loss of its owner. When the church bells tolled, marking the procession of the funeral from church or home to the cemetery, the boardless blades were turned in unison with the bells. When the wife of the miller died, nineteen boards of the blades were removed; for a child of the family, thirteen boards; for the miller's parents, eleven boards; and so on down the line of relationship to the children of cousins, for whom one board was removed.

KING GEORGE AT THE CIRCUS

BARNUM'S success with royalty was always great because of the inoffensive familiarity of his manners, says Mr. M. R. Werner in his life of Barnum. Familiarity was unusual, and what would have been insulting and disrespectful in a native subject was accepted in an American showman as quaint and amusing, the interesting entertainment of a court fool with an international reputation; and it may be that he was admired universally by royalty because it was impossible for them to envy his achievements.

When the young Prince George, now King George V, attended a performance of the circus Mr. Barnum asked him whether he was going to stop until the end of the performance. He looked around cautiously, paused for a moment and, leaning towards Barnum said, "Mr. Barnum, I shall remain here until they sing God Save Grandmother!"

FREE 10-DAY TUBE

Mail the Coupon



Here's the way to have white teeth

Make this surprising test

SIMPLY send the coupon below with your name and address. We will send you a package containing a tube of Pepsodent—the wonderful new tooth paste—that will last 10 days. Use it on your teeth a few mornings and then ask your friends to see the difference. They will be surprised at the whiteness of your teeth.

Film must be removed this way is easy

Look at your teeth. If they are not white it is because of a film. You can feel it by running your tongue across them. That film is often a danger sign.

Film is a viscous coat that clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It makes pearly teeth ugly, discolored—dingy. Many a naturally pretty child is handicapped in this way.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs by millions breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and gum troubles.

New way removes it And Firms the Gums

Now modern science has found a safe way to combat film. Super-gritty substances are judged dangerous to the teeth. Soap and chalk methods are inadequate.

This new method, embodied in the tooth paste called Pepsodent, provides the scientifically proved combatant that is being adopted by the people of some 50 nations. Its action is to curdle the film, then harmlessly to remove it.

Coupon brings free tube

Cut out the coupon. Write your name and address on it and mail today. The test will delight you.

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Mail coupon for 10-Day Tube to		REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.	
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		Only one tube to a family. 1926	

Write to me about where to get a loom and how much it costs and what kind to get.
H. G.



Write to me about the materials you need for weaving and where to get them and how much they cost.
H. G.

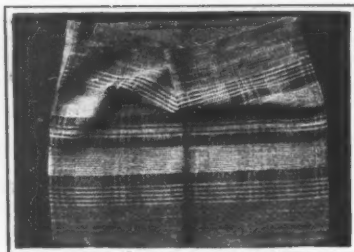
By KATHERINE L. ALDEN

YOU can weave any of these bags or this towel just as well as not. All you need is the desire, a bit of patience and a loom.

A loom suitable for material under twenty inches wide costs about thirty dollars, but you can pay for it by selling its products.

If you have a four-harness loom like the one sketched and desire to make a bag such as the one on the left, this is the way you go to work:

First prepare the warp. You can get mercerized cotton thread on spools, and you must have four spools to wind at one time on the warping beam. Measure off four hundred and eighty threads to fill the dents



One of the bags that Katherine Alden made

of the reed, at A in Fig. 1. The reed is a No. 12, meaning that there are twelve dents to an inch, and for putting two threads to a dent for the full width of the reed you need four hundred and eighty threads. Measure these on a simple piece of construction known as a warping beam. Tie the threads from the four spools to peg A, carry them over B and under C, round D to E, and so on to M and return. When reaching peg C on the return carry over C and under B and round A—before starting over B again. Continue winding until there are the required number at B. (Half will be above and half below.) Then wind on two sticks tied at the ends that take the place of C and B. Remove the warp by cutting the threads at A and at M and tying them to the breast beam of the loom. Next, take the threads by pairs as they lie on the sticks and hook them through all the dents of the reed in turn, and then one at a time draw them through the eyelets of the heddles (K) in the order given in the pattern draft.

The articles here featured are all made with a pattern known as the "pine bloom," or "honey suckle, rose path." These patterns and fantastic names have come from the days of our great-grandmothers and add so much to the charm of the pieces.

With the hook (provided with the loom) carry the first thread coming through the reed from the right through the eyelet of a No. 4 heddle (the harnesses being numbered from the front—1, 2, 3 and 4), the second through No. 3, and so forth, as the pattern shows. When the pattern has been repeated until all the threads are drawn in, tie the ends in groups to the rod of the warp spool or beam and wind slowly and evenly, allowing the threads to come through from the front until there remain only enough to tie to the apron beam. With the tension so adjusted that the threads are all pulling taut, you are ready to weave. It is well to start weaving the first two inches with rags half an inch wide until the warp threads become parallel.

The harnesses are controlled by levers

KATHERINE ALDEN, who wrote this article especially for you, is a very smart girl. She used to teach occupational therapy in an Army hospital in Oteen, North Carolina, before she began to specialize in weaving. Now she goes to the Luther Gulick camps in the summer time and helps other girls learn to weave. In the winter she has her own studio for design and decorating here in Boston. She says she is afraid that when you first read this article you will think it sounds complicated, but if you actually have a loom before you and follow her directions step by step you will find it simple and easy. She really knows what she is talking about too, as you can tell from the lovely bags and runner that we took pictures of.

If any of you want to get a loom, write to me and I'll send you the name and address of a company that makes them. Perhaps a group of you will want to chip in and get a loom together—your Girl Scout troop or your Sunday-school class, or your arts-and-crafts club if you have one. Let me know if you are interested and ask any questions that you want to. If I can't answer them, I'll ask Katherine.

Wouldn't it be fun to weave things for your hope chest? I think that's a real idea. And things that you weave yourself last forever. You can hand them down to your grandchildren.

Ask me any questions you like and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope so that I can answer them.

Hazel Gray

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

8 Arlington Street, Boston

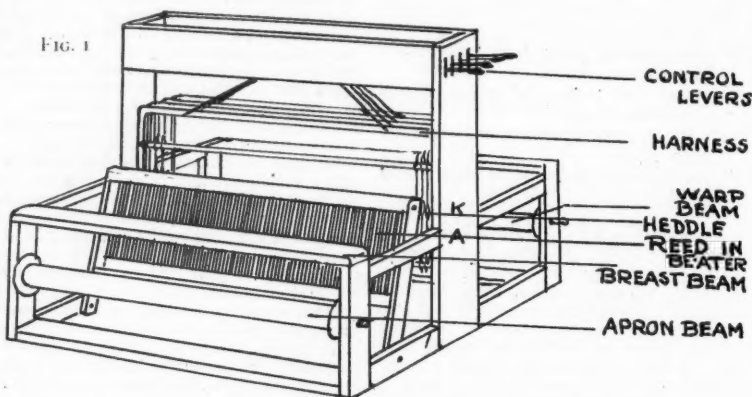


FIG. 1

This is what a hand loom looks like



Don't you like these? Katherine Alden wove them

for the hands (or treadles for the feet in big looms), so that by pressing down No. 1 and No. 3 a "shed" is formed into which the rags are pushed; then No. 2 and No. 4 are pressed, automatically releasing Nos. 1 and 3, and the material is again entered and beaten into place with the "beater." When the threads are parallel you can start the plain part of the bag. Any fine material of the desired color will do—silk, cotton or lightweight yarn. After three or four inches of plain weaving—(levers 1 and 3 alternating

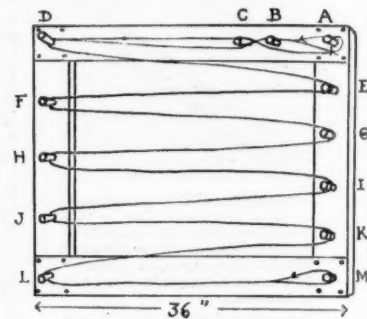


FIG. 2. This is a warp beam

with 2 and 4), you are ready to introduce other colors with the pattern; usually a thread a bit heavier in weight is effective.

Make the first border or circle design by using levers 1 and 4 for the pattern thread, followed by 1 and 3, with the plain weaver, known as "the binder," then 1 and 2 pattern, 2 and 4 binder, 2 and 3 pattern, 1 and 3 binder, 3 and 4 pattern, 2 and 4 binder, four times (each pattern followed by the binder), then pattern 2, 3, 1, 2, then 1 and 4.

You will quickly see what happens—it is not nearly so intricate as it sounds; and you will want to make your own variations for the other patterns. A piece eight inches long is enough to make the bag illustrated; and as soon as you weave eight inches you can cut the bag from the loom. But it is simpler and saves warp and retying to weave several before stopping and then cut them apart as you would any piece of cloth.

Sew the sides up within three inches of the top and fit in a lining. You can finish it attractively by button-holing celluloid rings to the top of the bag.

CONTESTS

Here is Another Contest!

SOME of you are poetically inclined, I know, because some of you have written poetry for me—good poetry, too; so here's your chance.

Write a verse using these four words: *half, sad, never, any*. It doesn't matter how long or how short it is, or how many other words you use, or what it is about. Send it to me with your name, age and address, March 1, and see if you will get a prize.

First prize.....\$5.00
Second prize.....3.00
Third prize.....2.00

For any others that I publish \$1.00 will be given.

Send in your picture if you have one!

Hazel Gray

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
8 Arlington Street, Boston

Fashions for the Young Girl



Hoyle Studio, Boston

Suzanne Made This Herself!

Adelaide, my dear:

Could you believe it? I actually made this myself while I was at home for Easter vacation. You know how encouraging you were when I was with you in New York—well, you certainly may take all the credit for this beautiful creation, because I never should have dared to attempt it if I hadn't seen that tailored sport dress that you were making with a Vogue pattern!

This took four yards of dark-blue satin charmeuse. The tiny bunches of gathers just in front and on each side look almost like honest-to-goodness smocking, and they give the skirt a lot of the 'motion' that seems to be quite the thing right now. The scalloped line which connects the front gathers with those on the sides saved the dress from being too tailored-looking.

I've had the best time collecting different sets of collars and cuffs to go with it. These

in the picture are very tailored, as I cut them by one of my broadcloth sports blouses. I'd always been crazy about its pointed collar with sweaters,—and, made of flesh-colored crêpe de chine, the result was quite nice, I think. Then I made another pair of flowered chintz, and a third pair with a piece of good-looking blue-and-silver brocade metal cloth that I saw on the remnant table when I was buying the material for the dress. I can almost fool myself and everybody else into believing that I have three different dresses, they make it look so different! I expect to be able to wear this dress a lot without a coat this spring. I hope to hear soon that you approve of it!

Yours,

Suzanne



TELL me, what can you find out about Suzanne from her signature? Is she affectionate and friendly? Don't you think she had better be very careful to see that her heart does not rule her head? And she certainly attends to details, doesn't she? I'll bet that when she sweeps her room she never leaves dust in the corners.

How are you getting along with graphology? Do you want to know where you can get a book about it? Do you really want to study it? What interesting things have you found out about your friends through it? Have you learned that Mary really can't keep secrets, and that John is more shy than you ever thought him, and doesn't that explain a lot?

Many of you have sent me your analysis of my signature, and I think it's so much

fun to take turn-about that way. First I write you what yours is, and then you write me all about mine. And, my! You are all learning fast! Ask me any questions you like about graphology, or anything else for that matter, and I'll find out the answers to them somehow. Next week we are going to have more about graphology, and we're also going to have an article about what is going on in the colleges, with pictures from Smith and Mount Holyoke, and ever so many others.

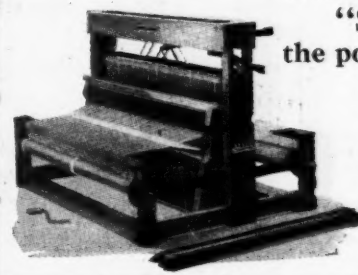
And of course we are having letters all the time, more and more and more. I love it so; do keep on writing. Some of you have said, "I should think you would be simply swamped with mail." I am, but I want to be. Do keep on swamping me! Remember the stamped, self-addressed envelope.

COMING SOON—Ever so many gifts for graduation. So many of you have written about what to give Mary and Jane and Tom that I've been shopping again—and I'll show you every good-looking thing I found very soon.

Hazel Gray

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Director

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Signed
CHARLES E. KELSEY, President.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of March, 1926.

JOSEPH W. VINAL, Notary Public.
(My commission expires October 9, 1930.)

[SEAL]

Have You a Gold Mine In Your Attic?

If your family has lived in its present home for forty years or more—well, you may be something like the lucky people in Texas and Arkansas and other states who have struck oil in their backyards! Don't be too excited about this. There is no hurry. But go up in the attic some day, or prow around the storeroom. Early American furniture and glassware often command high prices. Some pieces are almost priceless.

Now read carefully this article by Mrs. E. O. H. Larned, one of the wisest dealers in antiques in this country. She had to do something for a living, although she was trained for no profession. She tells how to proceed. Isn't it exciting? I can hardly wait to go home and start looking for discarded family belongings that may make me rich.

H. G.



HOW did you know about antiques, and how did you get them? These questions I am often asked since I became an antique dealer, and, if they are answered in The Youth's Companion, perhaps some one starting a small shop may profit by my experience. Don't jump into the antique business without any knowledge of your subject. You can't do it any more than you can cook a good meal or paint a picture without knowing anything about cooking or painting.

First study antiques, then study some more, then study again, and keep right on studying until you stop being an antique dealer. And here are three books which will be good friends to the beginner: Furniture of the Olden Time, by Frances Morse, and a book about Chippendale and another about Hepplewhite and Sheraton in a series called Little Books about Old Furniture. Go to see all the antiques you can find. There are houses and museums in many places where these are on exhibition. Examine the pieces carefully and learn to know the periods in which they were made. Read books which tell us about the marks on old pewter and silver and who made the old glass and china. Take Chippendale for your first lesson and then Hepplewhite and Sheraton, the three great furniture-makers of the past. Then Duncan Phyfe.

See Antiques Often

The very best way to know all antiques when you see them is to see them often. There is no really short cut to knowledge. When you go to see old furniture, feel it, look closely at the kind of wood it is made of, notice if it has been broken and mended, if it is veneered or solid wood, and write down little notes about it. There are many faked "antiques" now, and so well faked that it takes time and experience to know a real one from a made-up one. Spend as much time as you can among antiques, and the experience will come. Learn to know them and understand them; they have a personality all their own.

When you can tell a Hepplewhite piece from one of a Sheraton period and old Sandwich glass from the kind made last year in a modern factory, begin buying for your small shop. You are now able to say, "What a beautiful Chippendale chair, what a lovely Hepplewhite sideboard, what a fine Sheraton card table."

Dealers Are Nice

So you start off one fine morning to hunt your first antique. Perhaps there is a dealer in your town. If so, go to him and look at his things, price them and ask what reduction is made to dealers. Dealers are generally nice to each other, and their reductions are usually from ten to twenty-five per cent. Sometimes you find one who will do much better than that. If there are many antique shops in your neighborhood, go to several of them, and probably you can pick up some things on which you can make some money. Ask your friends to be on the lookout for old things for you. Go about the country, and when you see a house that looks as if it might contain a pine-corner cupboard or an old mirror, ring the doorbell and say you are looking for these things and "Do you know if there are any that could be bought in the neighborhood?" That is true and hurts nobody's feelings.

There are dishonest people in every business, and the antique trade is no ex-

ception; and dishonesty hurts the whole antique trade. The dealer is the middleman, who works most of every day, often at night, and hunts in all weathers. He is entitled to his pay, and perhaps the poor woman who sells her lovely hooked rug could never do so without his help; but he need not tell her it is worth only two dollars when he knows it is not true.

Go to auctions, where sometimes bargains are to be found, but beware when the prices soar beyond your purse. Try junk shops and pawn shops. Old mugs and silver find their way here as well as other things. As soon as you are really in business, people will come to you with old quilts and all sorts of things to sell on commission. There is money in this very often. Don't buy things that you do not like unless they are great bargains, for it is not so easy to sell things that you think are ugly. Don't get chipped and broken pieces, except in cases where you are securing unusual and cheap things. You will have sorrows and fake things, perhaps, but keep discouragement away, and when you find you have paid too much for something just take it as a warning.

Be a Good Sport

Get a few good things in the beginning—say, a pair of chairs, two other chairs, two or three tables, a stool and, if you can afford it, a desk or bureau. Then buy small things, six tumblers, a few plates and cups, any pretty little pieces, a rug or two, a lamp or two, an old box, a tray, and there you are! Set up as an antique dealer in a little shop that will grow, and where you can do a kind turn by selling the things of others, and where you are going to make money and have a good deal of fun besides. If you get started the right way and in the right direc-

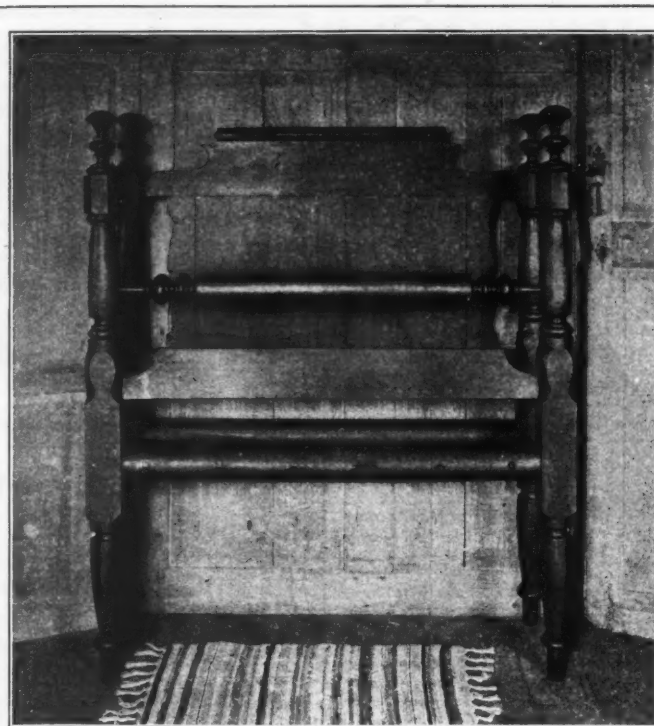
tion, there is no reason why you should not go straight ahead. Be cautious and do not buy too many things before you begin to sell and to know your market.

How to Price and Sell Antiques

When people ask me how to do this, I feel quite hopeless, for I really do not know what to say. But when The Youth's Companion asks a question, you certainly want to do your best to answer it. Perhaps a good way to price antiques in a small shop is to find out what both the higher-priced shops and the lower-priced ones charge for the same kind of thing you have, and then try to strike a happy medium, unless you paid so much for something that you must sell it for a high sum. Try to get the reputation of having good

things at fair prices. When your little shop becomes a big shop and you pay a big sum for it, you will have to charge more. If a lamp, say, is selling generally around ten dollars in country towns and fifteen in cities, sell yours for the fair price in your part of the world. Make twenty per cent if possible, and of course make fifty or a hundred if you can. Sometimes you will have to sell a thing for just what you paid for it, but don't do this unless that particular thing does not seem to be wanted, or you must get your money back at once. Try always to get at least twenty per cent, and remember that you sometimes must pay crating and always express bills on the things you buy. When you get things for small prices you can make fine profits.

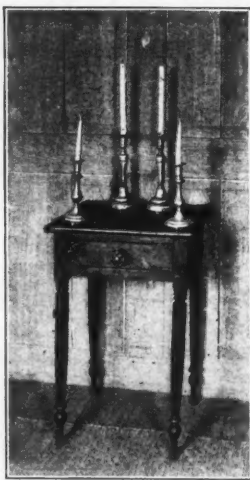
If you have something and are not sure just how good it is, put it away until there comes along a nice, honest dealer who knows the values of antiques and then ask him or her and price it accordingly, or ask a customer who knows about that kind of piece.



No doubt there are many beds like this of early American manufacture right in our own attics. If you have one and want to sell it, I hope you can get \$80, like the owner of this one

Antiques for Profit

By E. O. H. LARNED



\$40 for the table, \$35 a pair for the candlesticks

How About Starting Your Own Little Shop?

READ carefully every word on this page. Notice that Mrs. Larned tells you of three good books to read. I can supply Furniture of the Olden Time by Frances Morse, for \$5, and the books on Hepplewhite and Sheraton in Little Books about Old Furniture series, for \$1.75 each. Add fifty cents for postage if you want the book on Furniture of the Olden Time, and eighteen cents each for the books on Hepplewhite and Sheraton, or eighty-six cents if you want all three.

There is a brand-new book, too, that I want to recommend. It is called Measured Drawings of Early American Furniture, by Burl Osburn. It is published by the Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, and you can get it for \$1.80.

I have persuaded Mrs. Larned to write us another article. Isn't that fine? It will tell how she started her own shop in Rhode Island.

H. G.



Have a book in which to write the price you paid for articles, your selling price, where you got it, what it is and its number. Draw lines and make divisions for this in your book. Have another book for the addresses of all the places where you have bought and can find antiques. Number and price each article on a tag and have the number correspond with the one in your book.

Get a Good Place

And now, "How to sell antiques!" That is another hard question! First you must have a good situation in which to sell them, and a pretty shop as well. People will pass an ugly, unkempt-looking place more often than an attractive one. If you have a shop in your own house, take one room and make it look old but tidy. Remove modern things and put some bright curtains at the windows, and do please mop and dust daily. If you hire a place, do all these things. There is a lot in what is called psychology in the business. Don't try to make people buy; let them look around for themselves. The real antique-lover wants to prow around among old things and has his own ideas. And yet you must bring some of your things to his notice. You will learn all this as you and your shop grow along together.

Don't talk to your customers all the time, for they hate that, but give them a little encouragement now and then to buy things. Sometimes they will ask you to help them about a wedding present or a Christmas gift, and often you can decide for them in a helpful way. Many people who like to go to antique shops want to tell you all about their grandmother's old bed or tea-set; you may get a little tired hearing about them, but you may also learn something new, hear something interesting, help your own business and give pleasure, all of which are worth while.

I remember a day when I was tired and bored by a long story of a boat model somebody had made, and it wasn't an old one either. Finally, the narrator got up saying, "Well, you've been so nice, and I do love to talk about that fine little boat; I guess I'll have to take that twenty-five dollar table."

Arrange Things Carefully

Arrange your glass all together on a table with a dark cover, green preferably, and paper muslin will do nicely. You can cover a kitchen table or two boards on boxes with this. Place the glass where the light shines on it, thus showing it off well. If you have a large mahogany table for sale, your glass will be pretty on this also. Pewter looks well on a maple table or on a light blue cloth. Silver is good on mahogany. Place your things so that colors go well together and lighten a dark corner.

Call your customer's attention to a crack, a chip, a broken leg or any defect you know there is in a piece. Let no one say that you sold a chair and did not mention that the leg was broken. In selling consigned things you should take twenty per cent. Some dealers take thirty. I ask twenty-five for very valuable antiques, the extra five paying for the extra care I feel bound to give other people's expensive property. Have string and paper, pens and ink always ready.

And one more way to sell antiques: look neat and nice! And so good luck to your coming venture, and to another new little antique shop!



THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



THE ADVENTURES OF THE GIMPIES

By Nina Babb



GRUMPY GIMPIE lived in the elm tree. So did all the Gimpies for that matter. But Grumpy was the very oldest of the whole family. He was so very, very old that he looked just like a little dried-up peanut, only he was green. He had green eyes, too, that saw everything. When anything was lost around the elm tree, the Gimpies all called for Grumpy to find it. The reason he could find things was because he had a pair of magic glasses—the only ones in Gimpie Land.

Besides these magic glasses, Grumpy had a little pink parasol that looked just like a tiny rosebud when it was closed. Grumpy carried it when it looked like rain.

One day a little Gimpie, named Greenie, asked Grumpy if he might play with the little pink parasol.

"No, no," said Grumpy Gimpie, "no, no indeed."

But Greenie wanted the little pink parasol so much that when Grumpy laid it down for a tiny minute while he tied his shoe Greenie picked it up and hopped right up to the most tip-top branch of the elm tree. There he opened it, and it looked like a tiny pink rose.

"Now," said Greenie, "if it would only rain!"



them on his fat little nose. They made him look very, very wise indeed.

"East, north, south, west—which way did you say he went?" asked Grumpy. But no one knew, because no one had seen him and only Mother had heard his cry for help.

So Grumpy looked toward the east, but all he could see was a little brown bird building a nest in the next elm tree. Then he looked toward the north, but he saw only the blue sky and some gray clouds. He turned clear round to the south. Up in the air flew a big, blue kite, while in the meadow below some children ran and shouted.

"Do you see him?" asked Mother very, very anxiously.

All this time the little Gimpies had kept up a shouting and wailing that would make you think of thunder when it is a long, long way off.

"No," said Grumpy, "I can't find him." Then he turned to the west. He had to look out over the road, and what do you think he saw? Up in the telephone wire that ran alongside the road was little Greenie. He was balanced on the wire with the little pink parasol in his hand, just like the Japa-



He wasn't doing it very well

But just then the wind came along and caught that little parasol. Puff! Puff! Greenie flew right up into the air!

"Oh! Oh! I'm flying!" he called. "Mother! Mother! Help!"

But his voice grew fainter and fainter as the parasol carried him farther away.

Mother Gimpie ran to the top branch and screamed, but she could not see her little baby, for all of the Gimpies are a little near-sighted, you know.

"Where are you?" she called. "Oh, he is gone! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Great tears rolled down Mother's cheeks and off her chin, watering the little elm leaves that grew at the tips of the branches.

"What is all this racket about?" asked Grumpy Gimpie, as he climbed carefully up to the top branch.

"Greenie is gone," wailed all the little Gimpies; "the wind carried him off, and we can't find him."

"So that is where my parasol went," said Grumpy in a grumpy, growly voice. "I was just going to look for it, but now I suppose I had better find that scamp Greenie."

Very carefully, he took the magic glasses from his pocket and wiped them on his tiny handkerchief. Then he put



A FAIRY DREAM

By

Catherine E. Hood

On a shaft of moonlight
Sliding down to me
Came a dancing fairy,
Sweet as she could be.

"Come with me to Fairyland
By the moon-path way;
There you will be happy,
All the livelong day."

Then we sped to Fairyland
On her path of light,
Clad in filmy gossamer
And jewels bright.

Fairies' rippling laughter
Was music lightly sweet.
I sat in a lovely chair,
With cushions for my feet.

The queen sat on a toadstool;
Locusts fanned her there,
Gems of fairy beauty
In her sunny hair.

I woke, with silver moonbeams
Shining in my face,
Lying on the green moss
At an oak tree's base.

Lightly swaying cobwebs
Were gossamer so sheer,
And dewdrops sparkling on it
Were diamonds clear.

A little, bubbling brooklet
Danced in laughter by;
And on a yellow toadstool
Perched—a butterfly!



Illustrated by Decie Merwin

HOW THE FLOWERS GOT THEIR NAMES

Apollo the Discus-Hurler

By Lockwood Barr

HAVING no horseshoes to pitch, the Greek youth hurled the discus. One of the first Olympic champions was Apollo, the god of manly youth and beauty, who was very partial to the discus. Discus-hurling is a dangerous sport, at least for the spectators, and, so goes the myth, Apollo killed his best friend by an unlucky throw of the discus. He was grief-stricken.

Where the blood of this youth poured out upon the ground, Apollo, being the god of vegetation, caused to spring up a bed of new flowers. Ovid, the great Roman poet, tells what followed thus:

"Thou dieth," spoke Apollo, "robbed of thy youth by me. Would that I could die for thee! But since

that cannot be, my lyre shall celebrate thee, my song shall tell thy fate, and thou shalt become a flower inscribed with my regret."

Apollo then with his finger marked the petals with his sorrow, inscribing "Ai! Ai!"—the Greek word of exclamation signifying woe and grief. And marks like those are on the petals of that flower today.

The name of the youth was Hyacinthus, and to the Greeks he stood for the flower of youth, which is scorched, withers and dies in the summer's sun of life. And, as Apollo planned it, every spring among the first flowers that bloom are the hyacinths, an ever-living reminder of the youth and his sad fate.

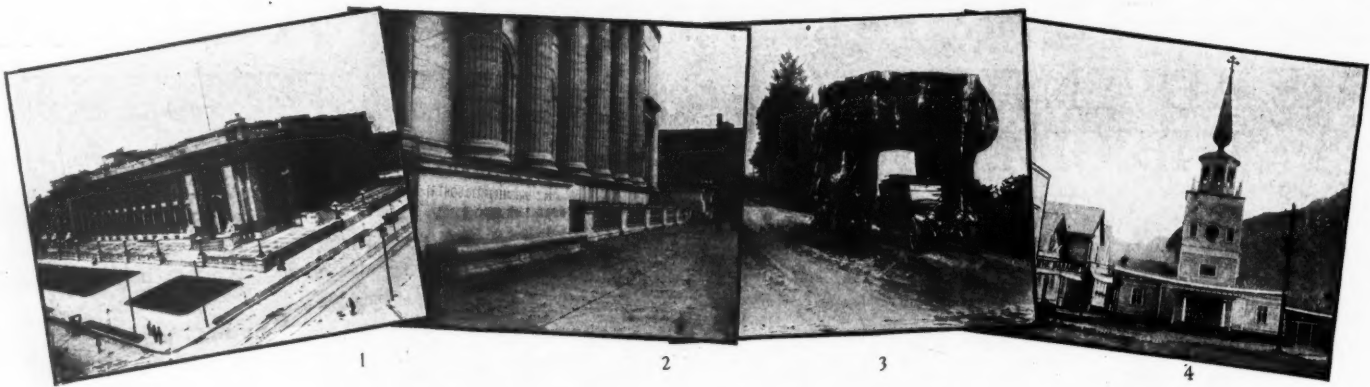
ANOTHER CONTEST

What kind of pet have you? Write me a little letter of not more than two hundred words about your pet. For the best letter mailed before May 6 from a boy or girl between 6 and 10 I will award a brand new box of paints. Address your letter to

EDITOR OF THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Youth's Companion

8 Arlington Street, Boston



Round the World After Gold

1. Federal Building and Post Office at Indianapolis, Indiana, the 2000th milepost. Here the Y. C. Fliers in the great World-Circling Race for Gold make their first stop.

2. A resting place in front of the post office at Denver, Colorado, the 3000th milepost for Y. C. Fliers. The inscription over the stone bench, "If Thou Desire Rest — Desire Not Too Much," is quite appropriate for Y. C. fliers who will be anxious to hop off again for new distance records.

HERE are the first returns from The Youth's Companion's World-Circling Airplane Race for the Gold Prizes offered in the March 4 number. This contest is open to any Companion subscriber. Every new subscription you secure brings you a Premium and sends your plane 1,000 miles. The gold will go to those who fly the farthest by June 1, with many honorary awards in addition. There is still time to enter and win, for the race is only in its early stages. Don't stand by and see these prizes picked off so easily. Get out your plane today and overhaul these leaders.

8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

Mason Willis
Commander Y. C. Flying Squadron

3. Just outside Seattle, Washington, the 3000th milepost in the Y. C. Airplane Race, will be seen this huge stump of a giant cedar. It forms part of the road and to keep to the right automobilists must drive through it.

4. A point of great interest to all visitors at Sitka, Alaska, the 4000th milepost for Y. C. Fliers, is the Cathedral of St. Michael. The chimneys in the tower were a gift from the city of Moscow and the entire building is in the form of a cross.

How the Airplane Race Stood on April 2 With Nine Weeks To Go



HARLEY JACKSON, D. S. M.
Y. C. Ace of Aces



MARY LOUISE ULRICH
Y. C. Ace



JAMES BOCKOVEN
Y. C. Ace

Pilot No.		Miles	Pilot No.		Miles
\$100 Class					
447	Harley Jackson, Connecticut	24000	149	Albert H. Chamberlain, Jr., Massachusetts	3000
\$75 Class					
589	S. A. Yelland, Alberta	20000	8	Joseph E. Crocker, Maine	3000
\$50 Class					
500	Virginia Marvin, New York	14000	237	Edmund F. Cushman, Florida	3000
\$40 Class					
1105	James Hannah, Jr., California	13000	620	E. H. Dawson, Virginia	3000
\$30 Class					
173	Marcus F. C. Flaherty, New York	9000	617	Marion Doel, Massachusetts	3000
\$20 Class					
587	James Bockoven, Arizona	9000	908	Graydon Embree, British Columbia	3000
296	Rhonda Elrod, North Carolina	7000	\$5 Class		
27	Mary L. & Charles Ulrich, Pennsylvania	7000	224	Dwight Federlein, Iowa	3000
86	Lois Auten, New Jersey	7000	803	Edith Garbutt, Alberta	3000
448	Paul Meredith, Michigan	7000	978	Eugene Guthrie, Pennsylvania	3000
\$15 Class					
20	B. A. Billing, Vermont	6000	1043	H. Roy Hanson, Newfoundland	3000
387	John Sabine, Massachusetts	6000	1094	William Harrison, Georgia	3000
181	Louise I. West, Massachusetts	5000	318	Buchard M. Hazen, New Jersey	3000
392	Arthur Wermuth, Illinois	5000	421	Merrick Hinds, Michigan	3000
588	Fraser S. Knight, Florida	5000	154	C. Edward Houghton, Massachusetts	3000
738	Arthur Brown, Illinois	5000	103	M. K. Huston, Pennsylvania	3000
296	Lester Carlton, Nebraska	5000	50	Rev. S. G. Hutton, Florida	3000
1083	Donald Stixrod, Minnesota	5000	123	Robert Ingersoll, Illinois	3000
927	Julia Van Der Velde, Alberta	5000	682	Frances Johnston, Arkansas	3000
576	P. W. Allison, Connecticut	5000	620	H. B. Jones, Jr., Washington	3000
102	Charles O. Bradstreet, Connecticut	4000	366	Betty Kleinsorge, Oregon	3000
643	James Buffington, Nebraska	4000	1113	Dorothy L. Krieger, Indiana	3000
834	Emily Carpenter, Maine	4000	223	John E. Maier, Pennsylvania	3000
1018	Mrs. Leanna Driftmier, Iowa	4000	354	H. E. Matthews, Pennsylvania	3000
984	Mrs. W. A. Hoyt, Ohio	4000	256	Glenn Messinger, Saskatchewan	3000
\$10 Class					
124	Robert F. Johnston, Ohio	4000	697	Lester Miller, North Carolina	3000
512	Herron King, Idaho	4000	506	Junior Minear, Illinois	3000
333	Edwin Pope, Missouri	4000	684	Howard McDonald, Saskatchewan	3000
1112	Ruth Doty, Tennessee	4000	40	Gordon Najar, Massachusetts	3000
883	William Rethorst, Iowa	4000	895	Guy R. Neely, Oregon	3000
44	Iva L. Savery, Massachusetts	4000	72	Harl T. Palmer, Missouri	3000
161	Raymond W. Schuh, Massachusetts	4000	785	Drummond Paul, Jr., Florida	3000
77	Edith Thomas, South Carolina	4000	1156	Laura E. Putnam, New York	3000
303	Fraser Thompson, California	4000	225	Gail C. Riggs, West Virginia	3000
476	Arthur J. Trueblood, Wyoming	4000	1054	Elmer Santisteban, Indiana	3000
783	Edward M. Vickers, Ohio	4000	960	Ruth Scott, Iowa	3000
1151	Roy Whitacre, Illinois	4000	696	Gibson Shaw, Pennsylvania	3000
694	Blanche Wilson, Indiana	4000	1140	Thelma Shepherd, Pennsylvania	3000
196	Allen Woolf, Nebraska	4000	74	Eugene Somerville, Missouri	3000
735	John R. Burnett, New Hampshire	4000	1177	Mrs. W. H. Stowell, Arkansas	3000
321	Mildred Van Valkenburgh, Florida	4000	172	Morris J. Taylor, New York	3000
108	Lucy Baldwin, Connecticut	3000	776	Grace Thomas, Michigan	3000
1122	James Barker, Illinois	3000	314	John H. Tompkins, New York	3000
433	George V. Carr, Jr., New York	3000	214	Anna & Knox Turnbull, New Jersey	3000
			398	Mrs. Samuel Wacht, Jr., New York	3000
			185	Mrs. C. J. Wilky, Colorado	3000
			1178	Henrietta Wise, New York	3000
			393	Randall Young, Rhode Island	3000
			1229	Robert Clark, Florida	3000
			1227	Walter C. Johnson, New York	3000
			1228	Wendell Williams, Massachusetts	3000
			29	William D. Barrell, Maine	2000
			17	Richard Billings, Vermont	2000
			4	E. D. Curtis, Maine	2000
			33	John Davis, Indiana	2000
			36	Howard K. Hunter, Massachusetts	2000
			2	Roger D. Schofield, Vermont	2000



RHONDA ELROD
First Y. C. Ace



LOUISE I. WEST
Y. C. Ace



ARTHUR WERMUTH
Y. C. Ace

YOU CANNOT LOSE Every contestant who sends his or her plane 3,000 miles (3 new subscriptions) will receive a Cash Prize in addition to the Premiums given for the individual subscriptions. See the March 4 Youth's Companion for full particulars.